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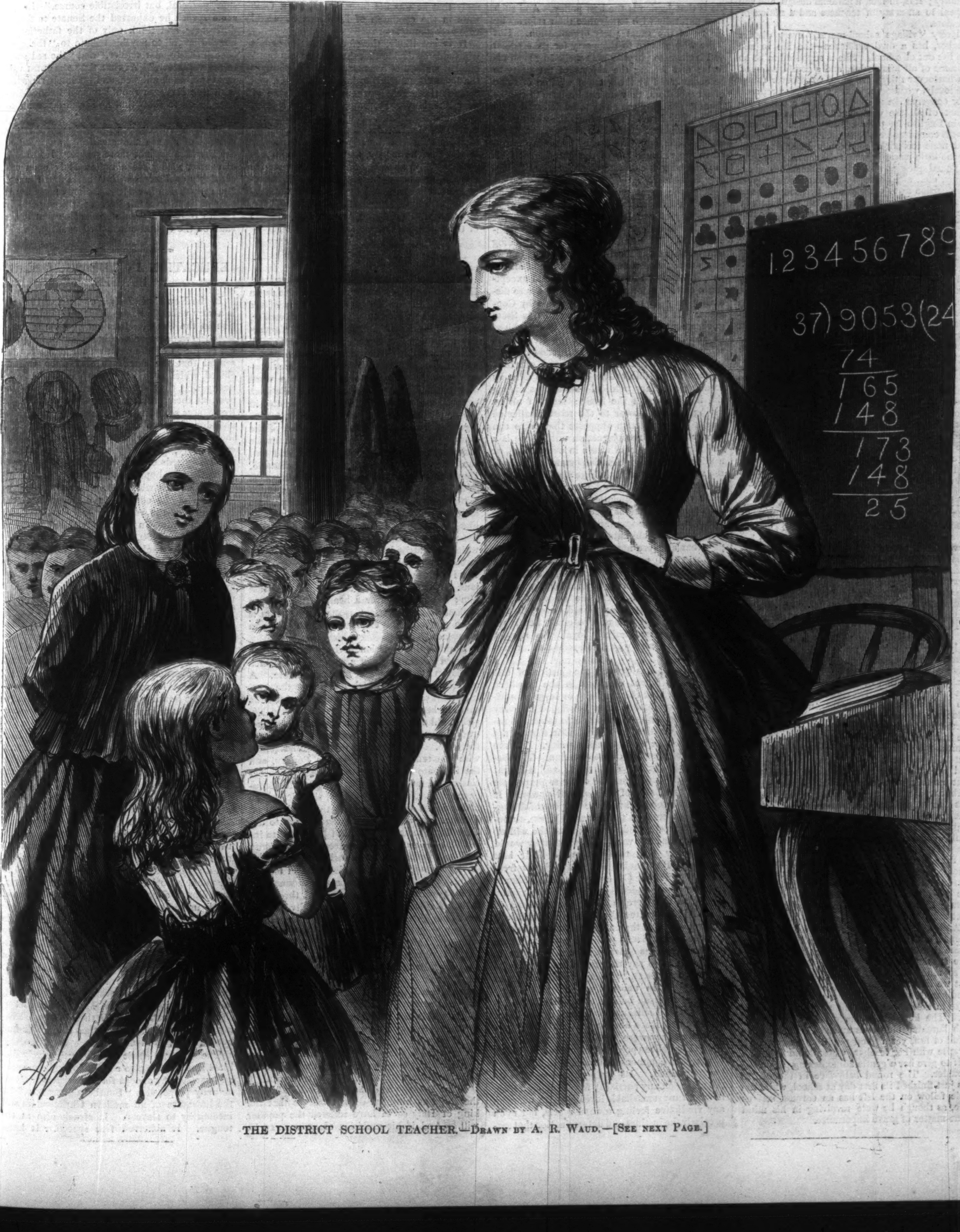
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THE DISTRICT SCHOOL TEACHER.—DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL TEACHER.

The social statistics of the United States Census Bureau do not give us any table showing the proportion of male and female employés in any branch of labor; and they do not therefore positively declare, but there is reason to believe, that one hundred thousand of the one hundred and fifty thousand two hundred and forty-one teachers in the one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred and twenty-four public schools, colleges, and academies in the United States are females. Two-thirds of the grand army which Lord Brougham was proud to see on the march, armed with primers, and of which he justly anticipated such grand and glorious and progressive, though peaceful triumphs, are Amazons; and, singularly enough, they have formed the van-guard. The women have really been pioneers in education, and have been among the earliest to penetrate the new fields, the opening Territories, and to invade those forbidden States of the South where education a few years ago was proscribed to certain classes and colors, but where now the school-teachers form a mighty army of invasion and are peacefully accomplishing a mighty revolution. Our picture on the first page will therefore apply, for the first time in our history, to *all* parts of the country; it is, in fact, a national design, and will appeal to an army of teachers and a nation of scholars.

Every "village school-marm," every district teacher, has a dual existence—the life in and the life out of school. She is supposed to be an epitome of all knowledge, and a combination of "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Her conversation is supposed to be a sort of abstract of all the wisdom of Solomon put into plain English for plain country folks. No subject is considered too abstruse for her discussion, and none too trivial to command her attention. In the little world in which she moves she settles all vexed questions in ethics, mathematics, geography, etc., and perhaps the next moment gives her decision as to the shade of a ribbon or the fit of a garment. She writes the business-letters of the farmer with whom she is temporarily boarding, and is often expected and called on to carry on the love correspondence of the neighborhood, frequently writing on both sides of the story, and entering deeply into all the quarrels of love-lorn couples. She reads the newspaper to the old folks, conducting all the literary affairs of the family except the morning and evening service. It is popularly supposed that brain-work is not fatiguing, and that, as she is not a field-laborer during the day, she can nurse the sick at night without fatigue. She is, in short, the cherished confidante of the troubles, real and imaginary, of the whole village; at once "guide, philosopher, and friend." She is usually of city origin, and has been educated at the "Academy," and is popularly supposed to know every body and every thing in "the city" as well as in the books. Local habitation in the village she has not, but is "boarded round" among her patrons, leading as migratory an existence as the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and is therefore looked upon as the fortnightly newspaper, and is apt to give offense if she does not take to her newest home the news, and often the scandal, of her last.

Her legitimate sphere is the school-room. There she is paramount; there she reigns supreme, without a rival, monarch of all she surveys. Over the minds of the little ones she has a wonderful influence. They regard her with amazement and awe, and place the most implicit faith in what she says. They can not understand how she ferrets out every wild prank, discovers every shirking of lessons, and sees through every sham; they only know that "playing sick" is played out, and "peeping on" is lost labor.

These are bright sides of the picture. Let no one suppose either position is a sinecure. Only they know the strange isolation they endure, the heart-sickening lonesomeness they feel, surrounded by hundreds of friends but not one of their own condition of mind, not misunderstood but unappreciated. Let those who imagine this life in the school a pleasant one try it; and when the novelty has worn off, when each day becomes a counterpart of the preceding, when the mistakes that were amusing at first have become monotonous, when the interesting faces have lost their brightness in poring over books too deep and wise for their little minds, when children that at first were overanxious to please have with increased intimacy grown provokingly careless and stupid, they will be ready to admit that these and innumerable other petty annoyances require a teacher to possess her soul in patience. Talk about Job's patience! He never taught school! True he endured a severe ordeal—loss of friends, destruction of property, treachery, disease. We nerve ourselves to endure great sorrows; it is the lesser ills of life that overflow the cup of bitterness, and many of these are crowded into each day's experience of the "District schoolmistress."

And yet the life has its joys as well as its vexations; and our picture will recall many little pleasantries to many a teacher's mind. The picture speaks for itself. The teacher's face tells of so much patience, firmness, and sweetness that we know the happy, eager children are in good hands. That tall girl is a controlling impulse in the school, and has already a womanly air. The long-haired lassie is a merry sprite with laughing blue eyes and golden hair. She is full of fun, yet a good pupil, and evidently a favorite with her teacher, whose hand is raised as if to give her a gentle admonishing pat on the shoulder. The round baby-face in the centre has just finished its first day at school, while the little fellow on the left has an earnest, serious face, as though he were revolving in his mind some matter of grave importance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 9, 1867.

COMMON-SENSE IN RECONSTRUCTION.

Those who have supposed that a new plan of reconstruction was likely to be adopted because of the result of the autumn elections have neither observed the facts of those elections nor reflected very maturely upon the character of the American people. The elections do not show a substantial increase of the Democratic vote; and nothing less than that could be fairly interpreted as a change of the popular sentiment and purpose. Republicans have abstained from voting, indeed, and the result will be a wholesome correction of many errors into which a party with an enormous majority is very likely to fall. Good and generous men—men who are earnestly devoted to various moral reforms—naturally ally themselves with a party whose fundamental principle is that justice is the best policy. And such men naturally wish to advance their reforms by means of the great party organization. But those who adhere to the party for its especial and legitimate purpose are repelled by such efforts; and feeling the objects of the party to be endangered by the want of wisdom of some of its members, they do not hesitate to rebuke them by suffering the party to be defeated upon some minor issue. This brings the whole party to its bearings, provided its real purpose is yet unachieved; and, like a confident army worsted in the skirmishing of the outposts, it feels the necessity of care and discipline, and its victory is assured.

Now the great purpose of the Republican party is the reconstruction of the Union upon the policy of equal rights. The war left the rebel States without civil government and without slaves. The national authority thus being obliged to provide local State governments proposes to found them upon the consent of all the people expressed in the usual way, and excepting a certain inconsiderable number whose disability may be removed at any time by Congress. It further proposes that in this State government no person shall be disfranchised on account of color. This is the Republican scheme of reconstruction. It intends the restoration of all States peaceably and securely, as soon as possible. This can not be done by creating arbitrary political distinctions among the inhabitants of the State; least of all by giving political power to the most disaffected class. No sane man supposes that there can be any effective reconstruction until there is a majority of truly loyal voters in every State, or a minority so large and important as to hold the majority in check. There was but one way to have this number, and that was to enfranchise the whole population, with certain conspicuous and notorious exceptions. Such a system admitted the ignorant white and the ignorant colored inhabitants to vote. It was a great pity that all were not intelligent, and that the matter could not be delayed until all were educated. But delay was indefinite military occupation, which must be avoided if possible. Public impatience must also be considered. The law was therefore passed, every honest man feeling that a man who could not read, but who was instinctively loyal, was a safer citizen than a man who could read and was disaffected.

The result has proved the justice of this view. The recent elections in the Southern States show that this majority or large minority of loyal votes has been developed in every State. Unfortunately it has also taken the aspect of a division by color. But that is not the fault of the reconstruction policy. It is the natural consequence of the situation. The former slaveholding class was white, and it fought against the Government in order to perpetuate slavery, the basis of its political power. It failed, and nobody knew the purpose of the rebellion better than the slaves. When, therefore, they were made free against the will of their late masters, was it likely that they would instinctively turn to them as to their best friends? But having made the slaves freemen, what was the Government to do? Should it leave them, under the plea of State rights, wholly to the mercy of the master class? or should it guarantee the civil rights which it had conferred in the only effectual way, by giving the new citizens political power? There can be no serious question upon this point. It is mere folly to say that there are people who have civil rights and who are protected without participation in political power. Does any competent person believe that the colored inhabitants of Louisiana or Texas would be so protected? Does not every American citizen know that they were not?

The Republican policy of reconstruction is that of practical common-sense, and it will therefore be maintained. Its strength and security do not rest upon any partiality for the colored race, nor upon any remarkable love of justice, nor upon any vindictive feeling toward rebels, but upon precisely the instinct and determination that carried the war to an unconditional triumph. The people of this country do not believe that the Southern States can be safely and economically restored by giving them wholly into ex-rebel hands, and they therefore will not bring into power a party which has no other policy. Men are not very logical in politics, and great multitudes are seldom controlled by a perfectly pure principle. It must have the alloy of interest, of prejudice, of some baser emotion, as in nutritious substances the fibrous woody part is larger than the saccharine element. Thus Ohio rejects negro suffrage. The question, indeed, was complicated. But concede that Ohio does not wish the colored population to vote. It is a sorry fact. It shows how poorly Ohio understands the relation of justice to good policy. But it by no means shows that Ohio would not vote for negro suffrage in Louisiana. The question there is wholly different. In Ohio it is a point of principle; in Louisiana, of policy. It is not necessary that colored men should vote in Ohio to keep that State steadily in the Union. But in Louisiana it is essential. If the Louisianian should reproach the Ohio voter with inconsistency, he would reply that he was not inconsistent, for if Ohio were in the condition of Louisiana he would vote accordingly.

It is not likely, therefore, that the people will suddenly decide that the only safe and permanent method of reconstruction is to paralyze the loyal element in the late rebel States, and commit those States wholly to the charge of men like Mayor Monroe, Governor Perry, and the malcontents. The country is heavily taxed, as Mr. Horatio Seymour perpetually reminds it, and it therefore wishes something to show for its money, and that something is reconstruction upon its own sensible, conclusive method, and not upon terms dictated by unrepentant rebels, assisted by Mr. Horatio Seymour, with his abolition of the Senate, and Mr. George H. Pendleton, with his repudiation of the national debt.

ITALY AND EUROPE.

Italy is all tinder to the spark Garibaldi. His peculiar influence upon the Italians is an interesting illustration of the condition of the people. The whole story is like that of earlier, mythical times. A simple hero, with a generous aspiration for liberty, but apparently with little conception of the facts of human nature and life, of an unbounded enthusiasm and poetic purity, he inspires a nation with a word and confounds the astutest politics of the most experienced statesmen. Indeed a country in the condition of Italy, so long subject to foreign power and to the withering hand of the Church, can only be effectively aroused by the inspiration of the deepest sentiment, and that can proceed only from an enthusiast or fanatic. Hence it is Garibaldi who plays the first part in Italian regeneration, although he is a stumbling-block to the King and the politicians. No king could grasp by sympathy the popular heart like Garibaldi, and the character and life of the present monarch chill the national ardor which his attitude of leadership against the foreigner excited. Garibaldi's feeling for Victor Emanuel exactly mirrors that of the Italians. Now it has been for him, now against him; but it was never a hearty trust or continuous co-operation. Garibaldi in prison is more powerful and effective than the King in his palace.

Besides, the situation in Italy is that of an arrested revolution, and a revolution of which the logical end is evident however remote. A national movement which had swept the Austrians out of Venice, which had obliterated the division between Piedmont, Tuscany, and Naples could only pause before Rome for very extraordinary and peculiar reasons. And that is the case. The blending of the ecclesiastical with the temporal power in the Papacy, and the intimate relation between the Romish ecclesiastical system and the police of the European nations, make the political situation of the little States of the Church the concern of Europe. It is natural for the Italians to declare Rome to be the capital of Italy, and to insist that the movement of a great national unity shall not be baffled by an insignificant section of the country. But it is also natural for the Romish priesthood in Europe to denounce the forcible overthrow of the temporal throne of their religious sovereign, and equally natural for monarchs who count upon the co-operation of that priesthood to remonstrate and even to interfere. Moreover, the movement of Garibaldi is not merely political. His war-cry is not only "Down with the King of the States of the Church!" but it is "Down with the Pope and his creed, and up with the religion of science and reason!" This in the ears and minds of Europe is not only Protestantism, but it is sheer atheism and anarchy. The Pope's political tenure is like the poise of a huge boulder in a field. It seems as if a child's finger or a breath of the breeze would topple it over. But the fiercest storms beat upon it in vain.

If the Roman people had risen and dethroned the Pope as king we do not believe that the king of Italy could have resisted the popular will. And if his ambition alone were to be consulted, Victor Emanuel would cheerfully see the Holy Father unseated by an Italian movement from without the papal states. But he must consult Europe. He is a king bound by treaties. When, therefore, the meek and lowly "eldest son of the Church," Louis Napoleon, points to the September treaty, and says, if you do not observe it I will myself hold the Pope upon his throne, Victor Emanuel must decide to renounce his word and head a republican movement, or to see the foreigner again mingling in Italian affairs. The worst enemy of Italy, however, could desire nothing more earnestly than to see the army of Victor Emanuel actually fighting the red shirts of Garibaldi. That would destroy the dream of the unity of Italy, and it is easy to see that every patriotic Italian would avert so melancholy an event.

General Cialdini, who has been called into the ministry, is not only the ablest of Italian soldiers, but he has the instinct of the statesman. In 1862 he said distinctly that war must decide between Austria and Italy. In 1864 he said that "a mysterious force pushes Italy along a determined way, and our revolution follows its slow, peaceful, but irresistible course." In the same speech he exhorted the Senate to forget differences, and think only of the fatherland; nor did he fail to pay his tribute to "the gray coat of the regular soldier," and "the red shirt of the volunteer." At that time Cialdini valued the French alliance, and his lately reported wish that Ratazzi should remain Prime Minister seems to show that he is still favorable to it.

Meanwhile Bismarck probably sees that the attitude of France alienates Italy, and renders the Prussian alliance more secure. He would, of course, gladly see a united Italy upon exceedingly cool terms with Austria and France. But speculation is useless, the only certainty is that while Garibaldi lives he will perpetually inspire Italy with the determination that Rome shall be the capital of a united country.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

In the New York *Tribune* of October 18 there is a very valuable communication upon education in the South. It is not possible to overstate the importance of this subject in the present condition of the country, for if it were essential that the freedmen should be enfranchised, which is indisputable, it is not less necessary that they should be educated. Moreover, as their enfranchisement came from the free States so must their education come. To abandon them to the class which lately held them enslaved, which is the policy of the Democratic party, is not only to leave them without any safeguards of civil rights, but it is to condemn them to hopeless ignorance.

The article of which we speak truly states the situation of the country in this respect at the beginning of the rebellion. Of the 8,000,000 Southern whites in 1860 only 300,000 owned slaves, and only 90,000 of the owners had more than 10 slaves each. Other small slaveholders and a few hundred thousand merchants and professional men of some wealth were the adherents of the great slaveholders who controlled the 7,000,000 poor whites and 4,000,000 blacks. Thus 1,000,000 men, owning the land and capital and monopolizing the education in their section, ruled 11,000,000 laborers without property or education, and, by the abject subservience of the Democratic party of the Northern States, governed the Union.

The two chief methods by which the despotism at the South was maintained were the discouragement of education both among the poor whites and the blacks, and the fostering of prejudice and hatred between these two classes. The free schools of the South educated one in every thirteen of the population; the free States one in every four and four-fifths. The slave States also especially encouraged the high-priced academies, which only the children of the oligarchy attended. From the last census it appears that Alabama gave about $60,000 to colleges and academies which were untaxed, and no endowment to the public schools. Virginia did not tax her higher academies and colleges, which was a good thing, but she gave only $4446 to her public schools. The fourteen slave States, excluding Delaware and including Missouri, which in 1860 was fast ceasing to be a slave State, and contributed $41,525 of the whole amount, gave only $136,251 in endowments to free schools. This tells the story. The alphabet is an abolitionist. If you would keep a people enslaved refuse to teach them to read. When the British Reform Bill passed Mr. Robert Lowe, who had strenuously opposed it, said, bitterly: "And now, Mr. Speaker, let us entreat our masters to learn their letters," showing that he, at least, knew that the people had not been taught them before.

The despotic spirit which instinctively disliked free schools also sought to exclude books and newspapers except for the aristocracy. It actually proposed a "Southern literature," for the literature of all modern Christendom was incendiary to slavery. It struck also at the tongue. It abhorred free speech. It knew that knowledge is power, and it trembled. The article of which we are speaking traces the means by which mutual hostility was inflamed between the poor whites and the blacks. But nothing could save the slave region from Christianity, a real Democracy, and the nineteenth century; and the war "has resulted in the emancipation of 11,000,000 of deceived Democracy from the rule of the aristocracy." But the danger of the Southern section is in the still pernicious influence of the former aristocracy. It ruled through ignorance, from which spring hatred and prejudice; and if we can strike at that ignorance we wound the tap-root of all the national sorrow and suffering. This is now our great duty. It must be, under the circumstances, simultaneous and co-operative with political action.

Our author gives most striking and interesting facts upon the present condition of the movement for the education of the freedmen. The chief superintending agency is the Freedmen's Bureau. On the 1st of January, 1867, there were 1496 schools, 1737 teachers, and 95,167 colored and 470 white scholars actually in school, besides those studying elsewhere. "Many of my pupils," writes a teacher in Southern Virginia, "teach white children at home who are too prejudiced to come to our school." The colored people are wholly alive to the importance of the work. In Georgia they have organized 175 private schools. In 1860, within an area of twenty miles around Chattanooga, there was no school of any kind whatever. Now Chattanooga has six colored schools besides others, and there are numerous others in the neighborhood. Near Corinth, in Mississippi, an old gentleman says: "My little contrabands have been picking up bullets on the battlefield, and have sent them to me to buy spelling-books." The reports of the capacity, as well as the ardor of the new scholars are most encouraging.

Now what is the duty of an honest man who wishes peace, and good order, and good feeling in this country? Is it to be forever idiotically roaring about the inferiority and barbarism of "niggers," and "nigger equality," and "nigger supremacy," or to reflect that there is a very large ignorant population in the country, who can not be expelled nor exterminated, and who must therefore be educated, that they may be more valuable citizens? The demagogue at the North who was the former political ally of the slaveholder will pursue the slaveholder's policy of encouraging hostility of race and the ignorance of the laborer. But the man who believes with Washington that the security of this Government is in "the virtue and intelligence of the people" will strive to promote that intelligence and develop that virtue. Fraternal feeling among the citizens is the surest bulwark of the State. Who encourages that feeling? Those who denounce a part of the population as "niggers," or those who treat all men as men? Those who would leave the recovered States sunk in ignorance, or those who would set a school-house at every cross-road?

THE GRAIN MARKET.

This year's harvest is of such inestimable value to our well-being, that grain may be justly styled the staff of our national life. How would fare the national exchequer, how the general business of the country, but for the wheat and corn that has filled the granaries of the South and West this fall? On what other staff could we have leaned? Crushed by a long period of commercial depression superinduced by causes which all saw but which none seemed able to remove—embarrassed by pecuniary losses through derangement of trade, we looked in vain for ways and means to meet our maturing obligations. The cotton crop no longer sufficed to pay for our importations; gold alone could not do it; and American ships had almost ceased to earn money abroad, for our carrying trade has been donated to other nations. The spring season was late, and the promise of an abundant harvest by no means flattering. In the midst of this dilemma a starving South had to be fed for many weeks until the ripening of its crops. No one anticipated that lapse of time could bring such good fortune as it did. As the summer advanced there passed from one end of the country to the other a universal report of superabundance. Such crops had not been realized for many years. It fared badly with the speculators then—those who had been holding grain against anticipated scarcity. Moreover, the reports from Europe were equally favorable with our own, and under their influence the price of produce fell. Grain-dealers lost heavily, and failures were frequent. The anxiety then was, not how we ourselves should be fed, but how we were to dispose of our extraordinary surplus—where we should find a market. The commercial face grew long again; it became gloomy when it contemplated its accumulated liabilities and the prospect of a tight money-market. Then occurred a combination of causes to create a scarcity of money. The rate of interest advanced, and collaterals were closely scrutinized. But the pressure was of short duration, and the scene has shifted yet once more. The sky is brightening again.

Let us contemplate with becoming serenity the rapidity of these strange mutations, and mark how all things have worked together for good. It now appears that the European crop is by no means abundant. It is absolutely short. Correspondents tell us that there is scarcity, even famine, in places in the north of Europe; that snow and sleet have fallen in Scotland upon grain still unripe; that thousands of people in the Gulf of Bothnia are making bread of bark, mosses, and similar substances; that any surplus in America will find a ready sale in any part of Europe. In Hungary alone there is plenty.

Under the circumstances we discover increased activity in the grain market. Prices are advancing; the foreign demand increases rapidly; freights to Europe are stiffening; shipments are large and vessels are scarce. Dealers are holding back for an advance in price, and hope to more than recover their losses of mid-summer. This disposition to hold for an advance is further increased by less favorable accounts from our Northern States. It now appears that the Northern crop is not nearly so large as was expected. The East and West have really raised little more than enough grain for their own consumption. And yet we have a surplus! Just here comes the strangest part of the year's strange experience. The poverty-stricken South which appealed to us in the spring to save her from starvation now actually comes to our relief and furnishes that surplus for export. The shiploads of corn which the North liberally sent to the sufferers was "bread cast upon the waters," and is now returning after many days. Influenced by the political condition of affairs and the imposition of the three cents tax upon cotton, the South determined this year to put more acres in grain and less in cotton. They could not make a living profit on cotton, they said. Although trustworthy estimates show that the cotton product this year will, nevertheless, be largely in excess of last year's, yet we are reaping incalculable benefit from their increased production of corn. We are indebted to their resolve to plant more grain. Grain will sell to better advantage this year than cotton. Europe could make shift without American cotton by filling her requirements from the various new sources of cotton supply in India and elsewhere; but she could not supply her food wants without American grain. That surplus of grain which the West has been accustomed to send to feed the South is this year returned by the South for exportation across the Atlantic.

But a foreign market for our grain is by no means an annual certainty. We have lost control of the cotton markets of the world, and are by no means sure of a grain market. Russia is gradually encroaching upon American prerogatives. Prices here are already influenced by the Russian harvests, and were it not for the high cost of transportation within her rugged empire, Russia would be even now competing with us in the grain markets of Europe. How are we to recover our lost prestige and emoluments? Not by encouraging that restrictive policy which crushes the life out of our industrial pursuits and pays to foreigners a bonus to come in and carry off our birth-right. Why, a first-class freight-ship, called the *Great Republic*, which was sold a short time since by Abbott Low, was actually sent to St. John, New Brunswick, for repairs, because the work could be done there for fifty per cent. less than here! Here we have freights advancing, shipments of grain increasing, with a scarcity of vessels to load for Europe: and yet Americans must sit with folded hands, and see their own rightful profits go into others' pockets, because the Government policy has destroyed the shipping interest! It is time there was public clamor for a change. Events occur daily to show that the times require it. Our diminished revenues show it, and our tradesmen and mechanics feel it.

A CLEAR NOTE FROM MARYLAND.

Two days after the October elections the Republicans of Maryland, the brave border guard, nominated for Governor Judge Hugh L. Bond, one of the most tried and able of the Union men of the State, and resolved that the Republican party of Maryland adhere firmly to the principles of manhood suffrage, universal and uniform education, and the payment of the national debt, and pledge themselves "to fight it out on that line!" Their second resolution advocates universal education for the children of the State.

As Judge Bond is a man for whom every truly loyal citizen in Maryland will vote with all his heart, so these resolutions will receive the cordial Amen of every patriotic man in the country.

The Maryland Convention, by a vote of 17 to 64, also recommended to the Republican party of the Union General Grant as their candidate for President. Such a nomination is very significant, for the Maryland Union men have been tried as by fire.

The Democratic candidates in Maryland are, of course, of the "unreconstructed" kind. The election is on the same day with ours in New York, and, whatever the result, it is good to reflect that all who helped to win the victory of the Union, and who love freedom, will vote for the Republican, Judge Bond; while all who secretly wish that Davis, and Wigfall, and Benjamin, and the Andersonville pen had succeeded, will vote for his Democratic opponent.

JAMES HAGGERTY.

We must say one good word for a good man. Major James Haggerty is the Republican candidate for County Clerk in the County of New York. A young Irishman, who has been eleven years in the country, and who was educated in the true Democracy of John Bright, he asked, when he reached these shores, "Which is the party of equal rights and fair play for all men of every race and creed and color?" and to this party he gave himself with all his heart. When it marched to defend the Government and the Union, which were the security of equal rights for Europeans as well as Americans, he marched with it. In the field he helped to win its victory, and when the battle was over, with his eloquent tongue and his ardent soul he sought to secure its fruits. Amidst the multitude of his countrymen, who, upon coming among us, are either deluded by the name of Democracy, or who consciously betray the great, good cause of equal rights, James Haggerty has stood conspicuous and erect. A poor man, he has been bribed and tempted, but his faith has never faltered. He has never believed that a man was less a man because he was poor or oppressed. He has always bravely declared that a man was not less entitled to liberty because he was black and enslaved. When to these facts, which so warmly commend him to a great party, are added his blameless life and capacity for the special post to which he is nominated, every loyal voter of New York, who would gladly see official purity even in the city, and honor an Irishman's fidelity to the popular cause of Ireland and Europe as well as of America, will vote with all his heart for James Haggerty.

THE EXCISE LAW.

In Mr. Seymour's late speech at Brooklyn that statesman informed his audience that the system of interference in private affairs of which the excise law was an illustration, could be seen in perfect operation at Sing Sing. At that institution every body rises and goes to bed, breakfasts, dines, sups, and is clothed according to stringent rules. The great Democratic statesman forgot to mention only two things: first, that the Sing Sing prisoners do not themselves make the rules to which they are subject; and, second, that the Republican party does not propose to regulate private conduct by public law.

The Republican party in the State Legislature has indeed regulated the sale of intoxicating liquors in such a way as to secure quiet Sundays and a handsome revenue to lighten the taxes of the people for the support of the police and for public education. It does not prohibit the sale of liquor, but it regulates the traffic, and the law has been pronounced Constitutional by the highest court in the State.

The right to regulate this traffic has never been seriously denied, for it springs from the right of society to keep the peace. It is of the same nature as the right to regulate the storage and sale of gunpowder. The cry raised by demagogues against the invasion of private rights is wholly unfounded. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Seymour himself, when Governor, signed a law regulating the liquor traffic. Did he imagine that he was reducing the citizens of New York to the condition of Sing Sing prisoners? The careful and thorough investigations of those who have made the subject a special study reveal the pleasing fact that since the passage of the present law public disorder upon Sunday has very remarkably decreased; while the new licensing system has produced a very large sum, and more than the old system would have produced in twenty years. Would those who declaim so vehemently against this "tyranny" have intoxicating liquor sold without any license at all? If not, if they acknowledge the justice and propriety of a license law, would they have one which is efficient and productive, and which serves to relieve the community of some of the burdens which the sale of liquor imposes, or would they continue the foolish farce of the old system? Neither is the regulation of the traffic upon Sunday a new thing. The old law had fallen into decay, and with its decline "a quiet Sabbath" was becoming impossible. In the interest of public order, therefore, the regulation was revived.

Men like Mr. Seymour struggle to make this legislation appear to be an innovation upon private rights, that they may cast the odium upon the Republican party. They ingeniously mingle the regulating and licensing policy of New York with the "prohibitory" policy which is sometimes advocated, that they may persuade their audience of the intention of the Republican party to regulate eating and drinking. But the ingenuous Mr. Seymour knows perfectly well that while "temperance men" are generally Republicans, yet the Republican party has not, even in Massachusetts, adopted prohibition as a party policy. Governor Andrew is probably as good a Republican as there is in the United States, and he is as sincerely opposed to a prohibitory law as any man can be. But Governor Andrew, in common with all orderly citizens, is the earnest friend of a wise regulation of the traffic. That is the real point of division. Shall the State regulate the sale of intoxicating liquor so as to lighten the taxes, or shall every man sell when, where, and how he chooses, and enormously increase taxation for keeping the peace.

THE CONTROLLER.

The State of New York has never had an officer of more spotless character or of greater fidelity and capacity for his post than Controller Hillhouse. His name was presented to the Syracuse Convention for renomination against his personal inclination, but in obedience to what seemed to many of the truest men in the State the highest expediency. Another view of the public necessity, however, prevailed, and Mr. Hulburd was nominated. This gentleman was in Europe at the time, and upon his return declined the nomination. The State Committee then chose Mr. Hillhouse to fill the vacancy upon the ticket. He has accepted in a manly and admirable letter, in which he says:

> "If the emphatic expression in favor of new candidates had fairly reflected the wishes of the party, or imported that those who were set aside had forfeited its confidence, my acceptance of a renomination by your Committee would reduce me to the level of a common office-seeker—a mere soldier of fortune, to whom all times, and occasions, and opportunities are alike. Assured, however, that the course pursued was the result of a supposed necessity, and involving no censure of the official conduct of the officers rejected, personal considerations must give way to the solicitations of my friends, and to what appears to be the general desire of the party."

We heartily congratulate the State and the party upon the acceptance of General Hillhouse.

THE BILL LIBRARY.

There are few men who like Astor, Cooper, Cornell, Peabody, and Vassar can devote hundreds of thousands of dollars to the purposes of public good. Yet there are thousands who upon a smaller scale can aid in the same general purpose. Mr. Henry Bill, of Norwich, Connecticut, has set an example in this way which we trust will find not a few imitators. To his native town of Ledyard he has in the first place given a well-selected library of about 1000 volumes, together with a further sum of a thousand dollars, the income of which is to be devoted to the purchase of new books. This is, of course, only the nucleus of a Town Library; but it is a nucleus around which accretions can not fail to gather. We have before us the Catalogue of the Bill Library as now established. It is remarkably well chosen, and may be fairly taken as a model for the imitation of others. The man who, like Mr. Bill, lays the foundation of such a library builds for himself a monument more enduring than brass or marble.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

George Wilkins Kendall, for many years the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, died on October 21.

A treaty had been concluded with the Kiowas and Comanches by which those tribes agreed to go upon a reservation of 6000 acres on Red River, in consideration of receiving $25,000 annually in clothing and provisions. The most important provision of the treaty secures non-interruption to laborers on the Pacific railroads.

The Virginia election on October 22, 23, and 24 resulted favorably for the Republican candidates. The official figures show that in sixty-five counties 70,777 votes were cast for a Convention against 44,950 in opposition. Thirty Conservative and sixty Radical candidates were elected. Eighteen of the latter were colored.

The Tennessee Legislature has enacted a law making it a crime for common carriers to make any distinction on account of race or color among their passengers.

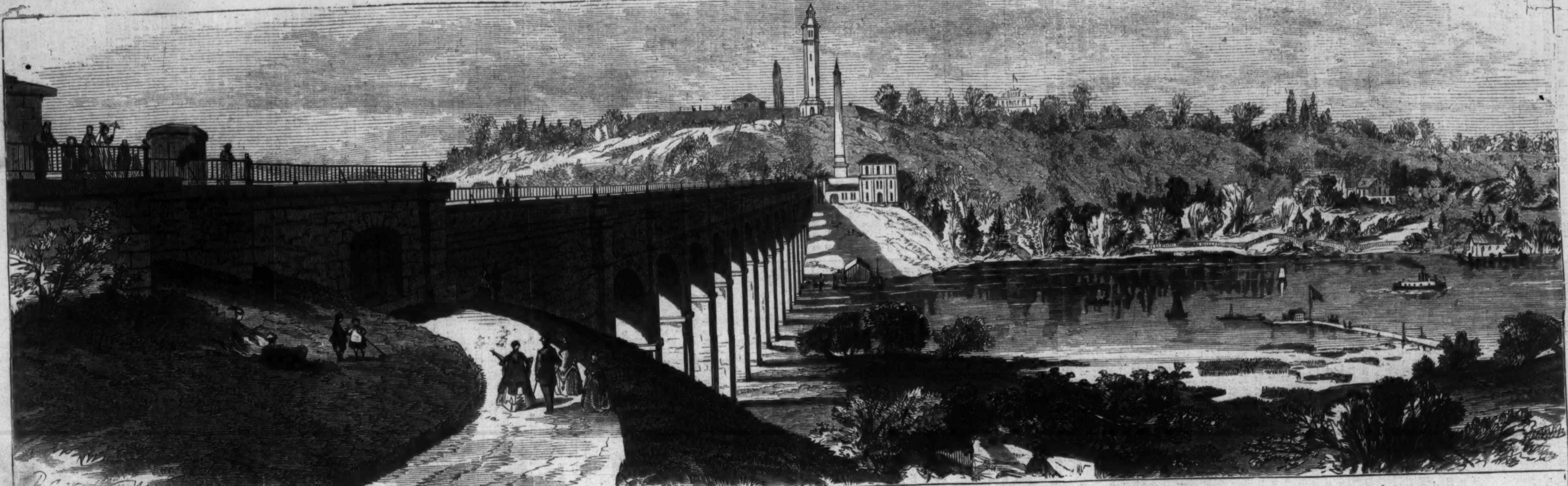
Fourteen of the delegates elected to the Alabama Convention are colored.

November 28 will be Thanksgiving Day.

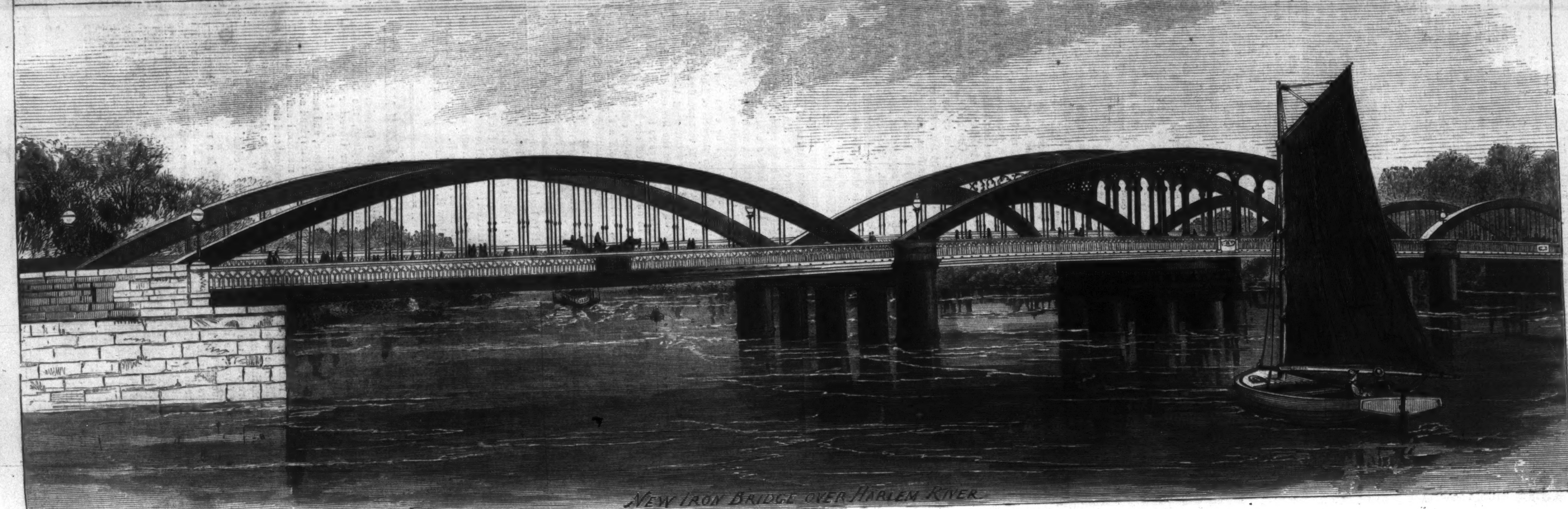
FOREIGN NEWS.

The latest developments in Italy have been very important. On October 19 the French Government, through its minister at Rome, assured the Pope of its protection. The public announcement of this caused great excitement throughout Italy; and the Ratazzi Ministry, which was supposed to favor the schemes of Garibaldi, was dissolved, and General Cialdini was called upon to form a new one. The feeling against France and the opposition to the longer observance of the September treaty became so intense that Cialdini failed to form a cabinet, and declared that Ratazzi ought to be retained. About the same time Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, and crossing Italy, entered the Papal States, where he assumed command of 4000 men and marched directly upon Rome, and on October 26 was within 16 miles of Rome, moving upon the open highways from Viterbo and Rieti. On the same day the French fleet which is to protect Rome left Toulon. As it is three hundred miles from Toulon to Civita Vecchia (the sea-port of Rome), and as troops can not be rapidly disembarked in the face of an enemy, it is probable that Garibaldi will be in Rome before the French, unless a siege ensues and the French arrive in time to relieve the papal garrison. Some demonstrations by the citizens of Rome in aid of Garibaldi were made on October 22, but they afforded no material aid.

The quiet and orderly manner in which the Mexicans have conducted their presidential election is as significant as it was unexpected and unusual. Escobedo and Corona, the principal military chieftains of the republic, declared their preferences for Juarez; and the old school-teacher and civil judge was elected by a large vote over General Diaz. The latter received only 75 out of 245 electoral votes. No disturbances took place in any part of the country.



HIGH BRIDGE AND NEW CROTON AQUADUCT.

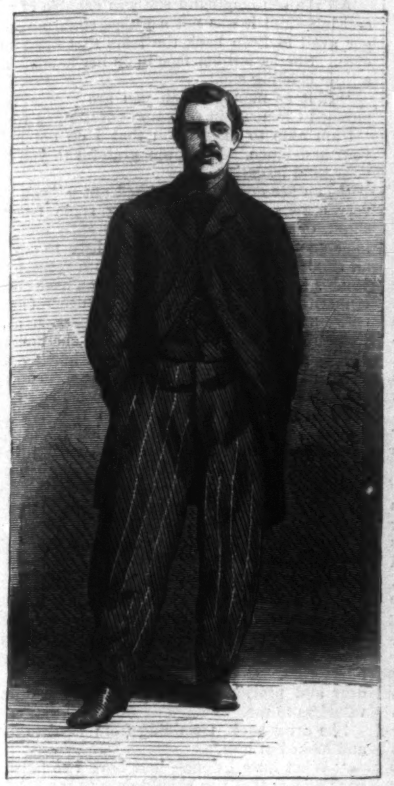


NEW IRON BRIDGE OVER HARLEM RIVER

HARLEM RIVER BRIDGES—"HIGH BRIDGE" AND "HARLEM BRIDGE."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

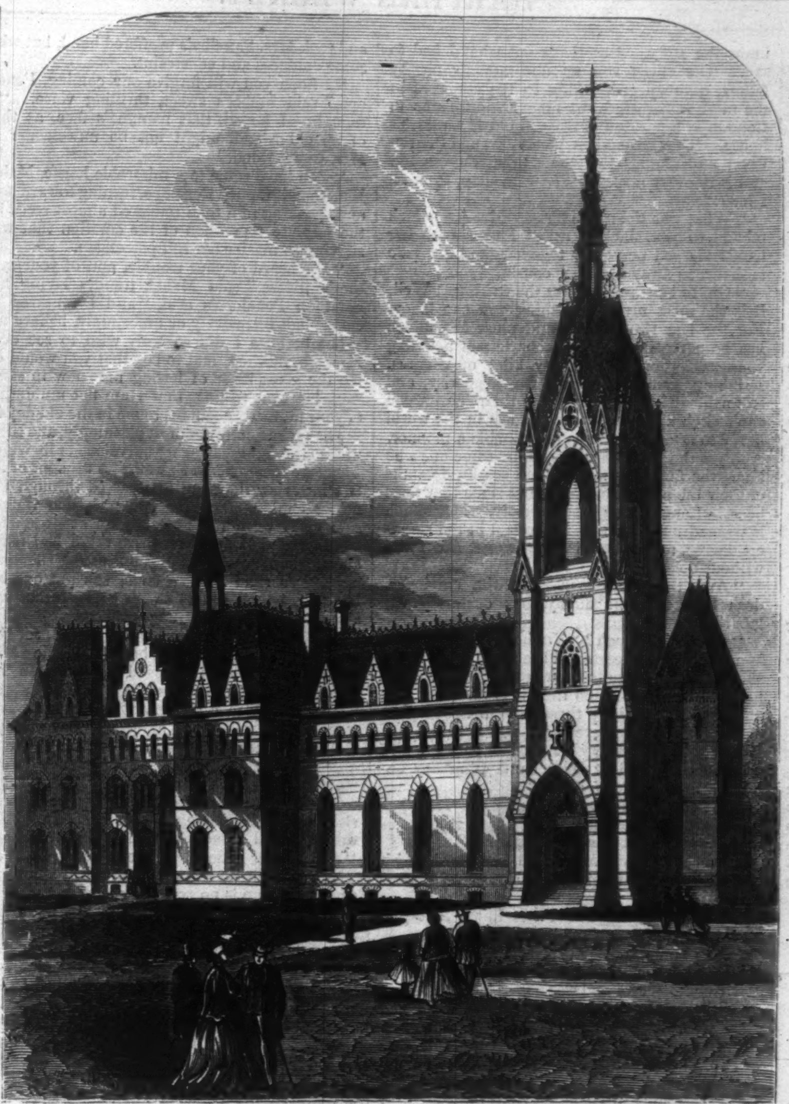
MENOTTI GARIBALDI.

THE commander of the Italian Volunteers and Papal Insurgents who lately twice defeated the forces of the Pope, **MENOTTI GARIBALDI**, is a young man of twenty-eight, son of the illustrious **JOSEPH GARIBALDI** and his devoted wife, **ANITA**.



MENOTTI GARIBALDI.

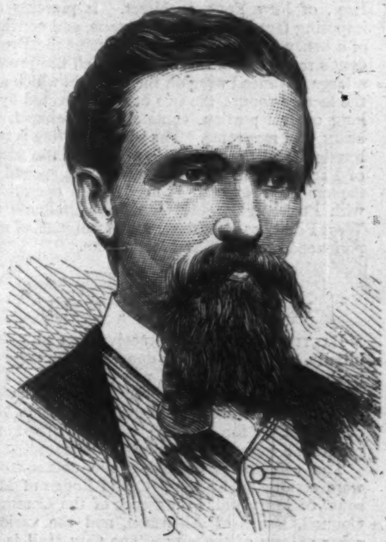
He was born in South America while his parents were battling for the Republic of Rio Grande against the empire of Brazil. Like his father, he is an ardent and zealous Republican, and the whole of his young life has been devoted to the cause of Italy. In the Italian struggle of 1859, though only twenty years of age, he was with his father in the various battles in which the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* ("Chasseurs of the Alps") engaged. He also engaged in the war of 1866, in which Italy regained Venetia; and when his father was arrested on the opening of the late campaign for the possession of Rome he took his place as commander.



LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. P. OSBORNE.]

COLONEL KELLY.

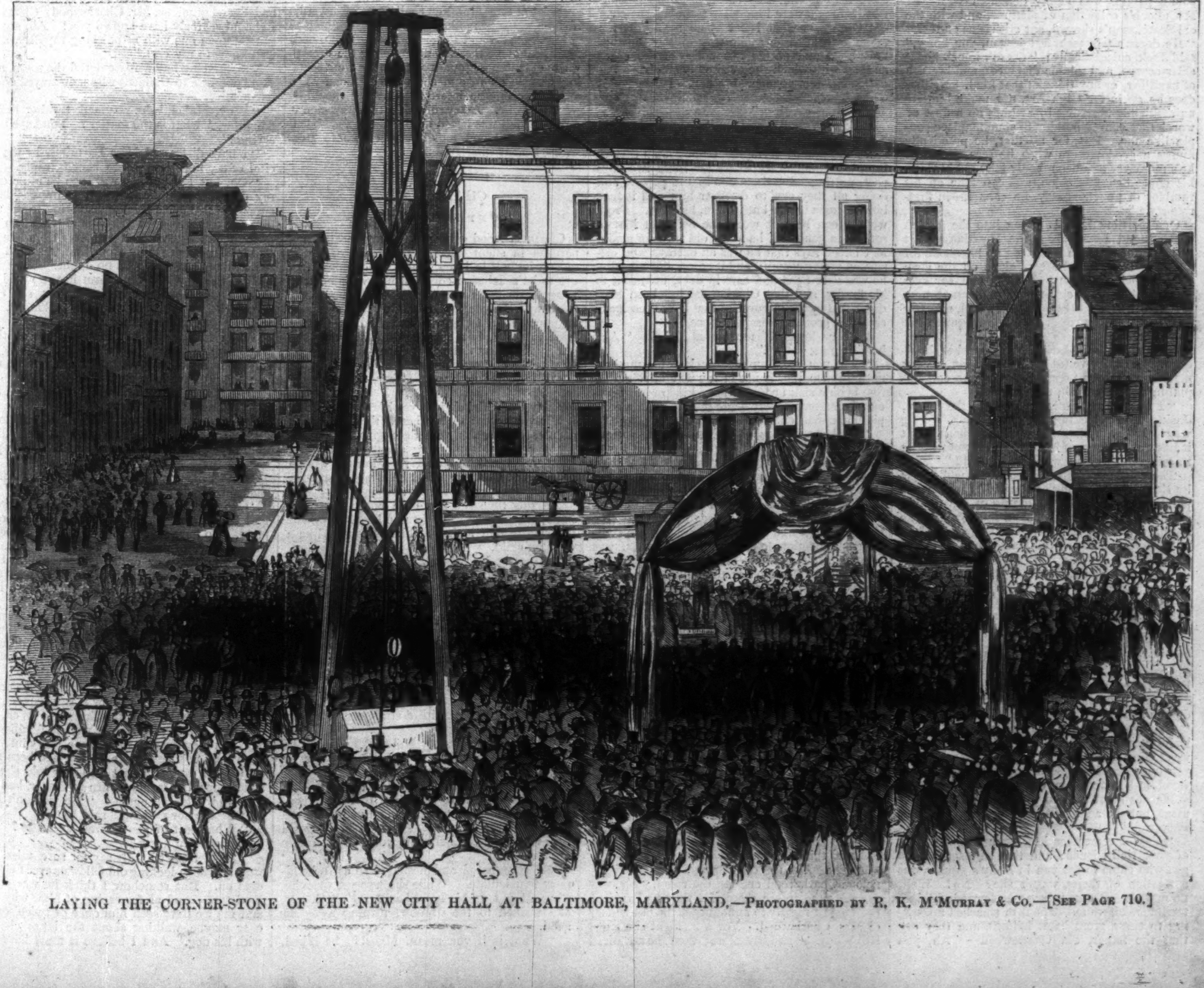
WE give on this page a portrait of Colonel **KELLY**, the Fenian Head Centre, whose arrest and rescue led to the Manchester (England) riots of September 19. Colonel **KELLY** had lately gone to England from this country. He is an Irishman by birth, and had lived many years in America. He served for some time in the Union army during the late war. Since his rescue by the mob at Manchester nothing is known of his whereabouts, though the whole English police force has engaged in the efforts for his capture.



COLONEL KELLY, THE FENIAN HEAD CENTRE.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

THE Lehigh University, which we illustrate on this page, is located near South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The people of that State owe its



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW CITY HALL AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. K. M'MURRAY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

existence to the munificence of Hon. Asa Packer, who, in 1865, appropriated $500,000 and an eligible ground site of fifty-six acres for the founding of an educational institution in the valley of the Lehigh. The purpose of the founder in making this endowment was to provide the means for imparting to young men of the Valley, of the State, and of the country a complete professional education, which should not only supply their general wants, but also fit them to take an immediate and active part in the practical and professional duties of the time. The principal structure is from the designs of E. T. Potter, Esq., of New York, architect. It presents an imposing façade of handsome stone, and consists of a belfry tower on one end, contains the President's room and the archive room, all fire-proof; a large advanced wing on the other, in which are the lecture-rooms, the two being connected by a long central portion, containing the chapel, library, and museums. The whole building is two hundred and ten feet long, and bears the name of Packer Hall. The University was opened in September, 1866, and is now in full operation, with Professor Henry Coppee, a graduate of West Point, as President, and a full staff of experienced professors and instructors.

BALTIMORE CITY HALL.

Baltimore has lately resolved on plunging blindly, as New York has done, into the expensive business of building a new City Hall. The work was begun, on October 18, by the laying of the corner-stone, as illustrated on page 709 of this issue of the *Weekly;* when it will be completed is a question not so easily answered.

The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone were conducted by the "Grand Lodge of Masons" of Maryland, in presence of the Common Council, Board of Aldermen, and the various other officers of the city. The City Hall is to be built of white marble quarried near Baltimore; it is to be located in the square bounded by Fayette, Holliday, and North streets, and the principal façade will be on Fayette Street.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book VI.

CHAPTER III.

JACK'S TIDINGS.

Jack's reception by his newly-found friend and patron was most kind and cordial. The young painter was highly delighted with Mr. M'Culloch's collection of pictures, and with the old Scotchman's shrewd, apt criticisms on them. "He doesn't talk technical jargon, you know," said Jack, eulogistically; "doesn't knock about chiar-oscuro, and middle distances, and breadth of handling, or any thing of that kind. Neither does he go in for High Art, nor make himself unintelligibly imposing by kicking up a dust of words that convey nothing to commonplace people like me. But, for all that, he practically knows a good picture when he sees one; and he's moreover an uncommonly jolly old blade in his douce Scotch fashion, and can take off his tumbler of punch—toddy, he calls it—in first-rate style."

One morning Jack, lounging into the garden of Desmond Lodge from the Hawthornes (at which latter place he had taken up his abode for a day or two), found Mabel alone on the lawn with a book open on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the distant city seen through an opening between the trees. She was very still, and was unaware of his approach until he was quite close upon her.

"I wonder," said Jack, looking over her shoulder at the smoke-veiled roofs of London, "what new triumphs the popular actress was contemplating so earnestly in the future!"

"I was contemplating nothing in the future, Jack. I was looking back, back—oh, a long way! Not so exhilarating a view, perhaps. But it has a sad charm of its own, and is not without its value in this busy work-a-day world."

The cousins remained silent for a while, side by side; Jack looking at the landscape with a painter's eye, and Mabel gazing in dreamy abstraction before her. After a time Jack spoke abruptly, and put the unexpected question:

"Do you know any thing about handwritings, Mabel?"

"About handwritings? I know whether I can read them or not."

"Of course; but I mean—can you judge character by the handwriting, or do any thing of that sort that people profess to do?"

"Nothing whatever."

"You couldn't give a guess at the kind of person who might have written such and such a hand, for example?"

"Good gracious, Jack, certainly not! Why do you ask?"

"A conversation that I had with Mr. M'Culloch last night put it into my head to do so. He was telling me such a queer story—by-the-way, you knew some people of the name of Charlewood, in Hammerham, did you not?"

Mabel's heart seemed to stand still for a moment, but she answered quite quietly, "I knew them well."

"Yes; I remember hearing my mother talk of your rich friends; and that handsome Irish girl who came to see you in Kelly's Square was a relation of theirs, wasn't she? No! Well, no matter. It seems these Charlewoods fell into terrible misfortune. The firm smashed up, owing to those great bank failures, and they say that the father, old Charlewood— Ah, you know the story. But that's not what I had to say. The eldest son, an uncommonly plucky fellow, gave up every thing to the creditors in the most straightforward manner, and came to London in a position of trust in old M'Culloch's house. They're builders, you know, and Charlewood understands the whole thing thoroughly, and is in every respect a first-rate chap, from all I hear."

"What was the strange story Mr. M'Culloch related to you, Jack?" asked Mabel, with her hands clasped nervously together, and her pale face turned away from her cousin.

"Oh, to be sure. About the writing. Well, it is the most mysterious thing you can fancy. For the last two months and more M'Culloch has been receiving anonymous letters accusing young Charlewood of every kind of vileness. Drinking, gambling, peculation, hypocrisy, and so forth. The queer thing is, that Charlewood can't pitch upon any enemy he has in the world likely to attack him in so abominable a manner. And yet the letters are written by some one who knew the family well, for there are little details of their life at Hammerham, and since they have been in London, all given correctly. M'Culloch is warned not to trust Charlewood in the smallest degree, and indeed, is urged to get rid of him without delay."

"And this gentleman—the—the employer, does he credit the anonymous dastardly villain?"

"Who, M'Culloch? Not he! Bless you, he is a fine, honest-hearted old fellow. He loyally showed these letters to Charlewood from the very first. But at the same time it *is* an irritating, anxious thing to have these kind of accusations constantly and perseveringly made. You see Charlewood is in a very responsible position, and has the command of large sums of money belonging to M'Culloch, and—"

"He can not suspect his probity! It is impossible. No one who knew Clement Charlewood could doubt him for an instant."

Mabel had risen and faced her cousin with eyes in which tears of indignation were glistening.

"Why, Mabel! I did not know that you would take it so much to heart."

"I do take it to heart," she answered, bravely, though the bright color mounted to her brow. "Clement Charlewood was a kind and true friend to us, and I know him to be as honorable and good a man as any under heaven."

Jack looked at her thoughtfully for a minute or two.

"I did not know that you had so much regard for these people, Mabel," he said, gravely. "I fancied they had behaved ill to you in some way. I suppose I got that impression from our 'snaky-eyed' friend—you remember? But any way, one can't help feeling very sorry for these Charlewoods, for they are in terrible trouble just now."

"Oh, Jack, what is it? Tell me; pray tell me at once!" She spoke very quietly, but her knit brow and parted lips betrayed the eager anxiety with which she awaited his reply.

"Well, the younger brother—I forget his name—"

"Walter—Walter."

"Yes; Walter is missing."

"Missing?"

"Disappeared from his home; and they've been searching every where for these two days past, putting advertisements in the papers, and doing all they can to discover him and induce him to come back; but in vain, hitherto. From what I can hear, it would be no great loss to society in general if he never did turn up again. M'Culloch says that he was an extravagant, dissipated young scamp; and it comes out now that he was over head and ears in debt, unknown to his family, and that Charlewood has been half-distracted by the discoveries that have been made since his brother's disappearance."

"Poor Clement!" murmured Mabel. "Ah! how he must suffer!"

"But you see," pursued Jack, "his mother, naturally enough, is not of my way of thinking. She is on a sick-bed—has got a kind of low nervous fever from anxiety—and they're all in a most pitiable condition."

"Jack," cried Mabel, with sudden resolution, "Will you do me a favor? Get the Charlewoods' address from Mr. M'Culloch. I will go and see them. I may not be able to help them, and probably shall not; but I know that the mere attempt to do so will be welcome to Mrs. Charlewood. It will be sweet to her to feel that she is remembered and cared for. She is a kind-hearted, affectionate-natured woman, and I was a great favorite of hers—long ago."

Mabel and her mother alighted from a cab at the beginning of the street called De Montfort Villas on that same afternoon. They had judged it better not to drive up to the Charlewoods' door, for fear of disturbing and exciting the sick woman. The little servant—on whom Penelope's impressive injunctions to be very quiet had produced such an effect that she stole about the house on tip-toe and with much elaborate action of her elbows, and spoke in a hoarse whisper, which appeared to cost her exquisite pain—admitted the visitors, and promised to send down Miss Charlewood to them forthwith. Mrs. Saxelby looked round the poor parlor, and then out on to the waste ground.

"What a change for Mrs. Charlewood!" she murmured. "She who was surrounded with gilding and finery like an Indian idol—to think of *her* coming to be poor!"

"Her poverty is the least part of her sorrows, I should think, mamma," said Mabel.

As she spoke the door opened softly, and Penelope Charlewood entered the room. She was not prepared to see them, for they had desired the servant merely to announce some old friends of Mrs. Charlewood. For a moment she stood still, surprised and irresolute; then she advanced and took Mrs. Saxelby's proffered hand, but with some coldness and constraint.

"I hope you will forgive our coming, Penelope," said Mabel's sweet, thrilling voice. "I thought—I hoped, that mamma's face, as that of an old friend, might not be unwelcome to Mrs. Charlewood."

"You have come to a miserable house, Mabel Earnshaw," replied Penelope, turning toward her, and speaking in a tone rendered almost stern by the resolute repression of the emotion that was striving to master her self-possession.

"We heard of your trouble, and of your mother's illness," said Mabel, timidly laying her hand on Penelope's arm, "and I ventured to come—not intrusively or unfeelingly, believe me—but because I did so truly wish to see dear Mrs. Charlewood, and to beg that you would do me the great favor of letting me show in some way, however trifling, that I am not unmindful of your mother's goodness to me in the old days."

She spoke humbly, almost pleadingly, and there was no trace of the haughty curve on her lip which Penelope remembered so well. A thought of the last interview they had had passed through Penelope's mind, when the two girls had walked side by side up the little garden at Jessamine Cottage, and Mabel's sensitive pride had taken alarm so quickly at the hint respecting Clement.

Penny's rigid face relaxed; she put out her hand, and took Mabel's with a grasp that was almost painful in its strong pressure.

"Thank you, Penelope," said Mabel, softly.

Mrs. Saxelby seated herself beside Miss Charlewood, and proceeded to question her gently about her mother's illness, and to express her sympathy in a commonplace, well-behaved way, which was more agreeable to Penelope, and helped her to regain her self-control more quickly than the manifestation of any strong emotion could have done. Mrs. Charlewood was still very ill, suffering from nervous depression, and an exhausting kind of low fever. "She thinks," said Penelope, almost in a whisper, "that Walter is dead. No one else believes so. There is really no reason for any such apprehension, but there is no removing it from her mind. I dare scarcely leave her for a moment. When she is alone she falls into violent fits of weeping that reduce her strength frightfully. Yesterday I believe she was light-headed for some hours."

"May I see her? Or do you think it is better I should not do so?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"No; my impression is that it would be good for her to have her thoughts diverted even for a moment from the one topic. I will tell her you are here."

Penelope left the room, and after a short time returned, saying that her mother would see Mrs. Saxelby.

"And I? May I not see her too?" said Mabel.

"Not at present. You shall come afterward, if she bears your mother's visit well."

Mrs. Saxelby and Penelope left the room, and Mabel sat alone there, contemplating the dreary waste of building ground. Some men were beating carpets on it, and she watched them with apparently intense interest. But her thoughts were far away. A key turned in the street-door, a soft footfall was heard in the passage. Mabel looked round, and found herself face to face with Clement Charlewood.

CHAPTER IV.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Clement stood gazing at the unexpected apparition in silent amazement. Indeed, for a second he half believed Mabel's motionless figure to be a delusion conjured up by his heated, weary brain. He was worn down in body and mind with fatigue and anxiety. She rose and advanced toward him with extended hand. She tried to smile, but her lips quivered, and she struggled against violent agitation. How changed he was! Ah, how changed!

"I have startled you, I fear, Mr. Charlewood."

"My God, Mabel, is it you?"

His voice went to her heart, there was such sadness in it, such a yearning regret.

"I heard this morning about—about your brother. We were so sorry. Mamma wished to see Mrs. Charlewood. She is with her now. I—I hope you are not angry."

All this time she had been holding out her hand, of which he had taken no heed. Now she dropped it, and looked at him piteously, like a chidden child.

"Angry! No, Mabel, I am not angry."

He answered like one in a dream.

"May I speak to you as an old friend? As one to whom you were always kind and good, and who would serve you—if she might—with all her heart?"

He did not reply, and she went on rapidly.

"You will not be angry with me for saying what is in my mind? or I shall think you have not forgiven me—for—for some pain I caused you once."

He looked at her with a strange melancholy smile.

"I have forgiven you, Mabel. You need be under no apprehension of my anger, if that be of any importance to you."

"Then—I scarcely know how to say it—but—this is the great favor I have to beg of you. In this trouble about Walter, and your mother's illness, if there is any way—*any* way in the world—in which we can help you, you will not refuse to allow—"

She stammered and hesitated so as to be almost inarticulate. While she was yet speaking Clement put up his hand hastily to check her, and walked to the window, turning away his head.

"What is it you mean, Mabel?" he asked, after a short pause, which seemed to her to endure for hours. "Is it," he added, in a constrained voice—"is it money that you are offering me?"

"I—I meant—I hoped—oh, Mr. Charlewood, how can you speak so bitterly!"

All the self-command she was capable of exercising—and it was not a little—could no longer avail to keep back the tears that filled her eyes. She let fall her face upon her hands with a little choking sob.

"If it *be* money which you are proffering," pursued Clement, in the same constrained tone, "I am able to assure you that I do not need your assistance. But I am grateful to you for your kind intention."

"You are cruel," she sobbed out—"you are very cruel. You are resenting some fancied slight, or avenging a wound innocently inflicted long ago. God knows I came here to-day in all singleness of purpose; filled with respect for you. I know—I well know, how you have borne unmerited misfortune, and with the deepest sympathy and compassion; such compassion as a woman may feel for a friend whom she honors, or a dear brother. Any thought of hurting you—of—of what your words and tone seem to attribute to me, was as impossible to me as I once believed you would have known that it must be. You said once, that come what might you would be a true friend to me and mine if ever we needed your help. I had hoped that our next meeting would have been at least kindly; at least free from bitterness or anger, and now—now—"

Once more sobs choked her utterance, and she hid her face.

"Mabel, Mabel!" he cried, seizing her hand almost roughly, "you drive me mad. You force me to say what I had never thought to utter more. When you speak of friendship and sympathy you speak words that sound like an empty mockery in my ears. Coming from others they might be dear and precious; from *you* they are utterly valueless to me."

She drew back, trembling from head to foot, and looked at him.

"What have I done—how have I so fallen in your esteem that you should dare to say so?"

"Mabel, you *will* not understand me. What I desire, what my soul thirsts for, is not your friendship, not your compassion, but your love. I know it is all vain and wild. I know—I have long known, that there is no hope for me; and that if there were I should be a wretch to seek to bind you to the lot of a ruined man, who seems destined to meet sorrow and failure at every turn. But I love you, Mabel. I love you as I shall love no other woman to the last hour of my life!"

"I think, my dear child, that we must be going. Penelope is remaining up stairs, and Mrs. Charlewood is really much more composed now, and—good gracious, Mr. Charlewood! Clement! I should scarcely have known you! Ah, anxiety tells upon one with astonishing rapidity, as *I* well know to my cost."

Mrs. Saxelby had softly entered the room, and stood opposite to Clement with a dismayed countenance.

"Why, Mabel," she resumed, turning to her daughter, "what is the matter? You have been crying!"

"I have distressed Miss Earnshaw by the recital of my miseries," said Clement, sadly.

"Oh, but I hope they will soon be at an end, my dear Mr. Charlewood. It is impossible to suppose—as I have been endeavoring to impress on your mother—that Walter's absence can endure much longer. You will hear from him, or of him—most probably from him, I should say—in a day or two, I have no doubt."

Mrs. Saxelby had no reason in the world for making this confident assertion, but she conceived she was doing her duty in making it. It was her idea of consolation.

When Mabel and her mother were on their way home in the cab together Mrs. Saxelby observed, in a plaintive voice, "I am grieved that you should have been moved so much, my darling; but it is in truth a sad household to visit—most depressing."

Mabel, strange to say, did not appear to be altogether depressed. There was a dreamy light in her eyes, and a bright flush on her usually pale cheek.

"I feel for them with all my heart, mamma," she said.

"No doubt you do, love. But the hardest part fell on *me*. I'm glad it did. I don't complain. To have passed the half hour I passed at that poor woman's bedside would have quite unfitted you for your duties this evening. Such a pitiably weak condition of mind I never saw. And the worst is, Mabel, that there is no hope for her."

"No hope, mamma? How do you mean?"

"I have a firm presentiment—an instinct—a *conviction* almost—that Walter has drowned himself!"

"Oh, mamma! For Heaven's sake—"

"My pet, it is very shocking; but I can not help the feeling. You know it is whispered that poor Mr. Charlewood, the father— Well, and that sort of thing frequently runs in families."

When they reached their home Betty informed her young mistress that a person had been there asking for her, and that on being told she was from home, but would return to dinner, had said that he would call again. "He wouldn't leave no message nor nothing," said Betty.

"What sort of person was he, Betty? Any one whom you know?"

"Well, I can't hardly say for sure, miss. He were a strange-looking old fellow as ever I clapped eyes on. But somehow I think he was gentle-bred too. And as for seeing of him, why cook and me we have seen him once or twice, or oftener maybe, walking about the lanes close by with his dog. And I believe it must have been him as brought the little girl here that day, miss; for the instant after I'd let her in at the garden-gate I heard the dog a barking, and next minute I see the beast tearing down the lane full tilt."

Mabel hardly seemed to listen to Betty's voluble speech. There was a tumult within her breast that deadened her senses to outward things. She shut herself in her own room, and leaned her throbbing head upon her hands. For a long time she could not think. She could not even remember clearly. Only one sentence kept ringing in her ears: "I love you, Mabel. I love you as I shall love no other woman to the last hour of my life."

"Can it be?" she murmured, with lips that scarcely parted to let the words pass them. "Ah! can it ever be?"

Beatrice had never been so brilliant, so vivacious, so charming, as on that evening. The Thespian Theatre vibrated to peal on peal of thunderous plaudits.

"By George!" cried Mr. Alaric Allen, contemplating Mabel admiringly from the wing, "what an actress that girl is! She improves night after night. Such nerve, such spirit, such—such *go!* Bravo, bravissimo, Miss M. A. Bell! The town owes me something for having discovered you. And I'll venture to predict that you have the greatest career before you of any actress that has come out in my day!"

CHAPTER V.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

MABEL's anonymous visitor returned the following morning to Desmond Lodge, accompanied by his dog; and she was surprised and pleased to recognize Jerry Shaw and the faithful Lingo.

"He knows me! I do believe he knows me!" she cried, patting the dog's rough head.

"Knows ye! Is it *knows* ye, Miss Bell? Upon my word you must suppose us to have uncommonly short memories if we'd have forgotten ye in this time!"

"But," said Mabel, apologetically, "I have not seen Lingo since Kilclare."

"What matter? Don't *I* know ye again? Though, indeed, we have both of us seen you since then, although you may not have seen us. Many an evening I've watched you getting into your little carriage to go down to the theatre. Lingo was afraid you'd be detecting us some time; but you didn't."

"What, Mr. Shaw, you have been so long in London, and never came to see an old friend? That was not kind. I look upon myself as a pupil of yours, do you know."

"My dear Miss Bell," rejoined the old man, drawing himself up and speaking with some dignity, "you are a very sweet young lady, and a kind, and a generous; but my experience of life has taught me that even very sweet and amiable young ladies may be unwilling to claim acquaintance, in their prosperity, with any shabby poor devil with whom chance has made them acquainted under other circumstances. Now, I don't say that's your case," he added, seeing that she was about to interrupt him; "on the contrary, I am sure, quite sure, from your reception of me to-day, that it is not; but, now, looking at the thing from a common-sense point of view, why would I have intruded on ye? Would it have done you any good, or given you any pleasure? Not the least. It is so long since I have been used to the society of my fellow-creatures, that I have ended by being unfit for it. Time was, indeed, when I might have been no disgrace to your drawing-room; but that's all over. Lingo and I jog on together; and let me tell you that it has seldom been my lot to be in better company than Lingo's!"

"I am very glad to see you and him."

"But you're wondering why, after keeping away so long, I've made up my mind to come and bore you at last. Aha? Well, this is the state of the case, as briefly as I can put it: You're fond of little Corda Trescott, and have been kind to her. She worships you. The child is ill and weak and fading. I've reason to suspect that she has something preying on her mind which is undermining her health just as a canker eats up a poor little half-blown rose-bud. I try to talk to her and win her confidence, but my crabbed old fingers are too harsh and rough to play upon such a delicate instrument as Corda's heart. There needs a woman's touch to bring the full music from those strings. In short, I—I've suffered myself (like an old fool as I am) to grow so fond of the little white slip of a thing, that I am made miserable by the sight of her sad, sweet face, looking so wistfully at me day after day; and I resolved to come to you and ask you to spare an hour—only one hour now and then—to go and see the poor darling. She is not happy in her home, Miss Bell, as I dare say you know as well as I do; and the sight of your kind face would be a better cordial to her than all the wine."

Jerry finished his speech behind his blue checked pocket-handkerchief, and then gave an unusually prolonged and defiant sniff, as though to explain the gesture.

"The dear child! Poor, gentle, pretty little Corda! Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Shaw, for coming to me! I reproach myself for not having inquired for her before now. I will go to her this very day—this very hour. Will you accompany me?"

Jerry gladly consented, and they set off together.

"It's a great deal to ask of ye," muttered Jerry, as they walked down Highgate Hill side by side. "And it's too far for ye to walk, I'm afraid. Over the water on the Surrey side of Blackfriars' Bridge."

"Not at all too far for me, Mr. Shaw. But it is a question of time, is it not? The sooner I reach Corda the longer I shall be able to stay with her, so I think we will take a cab, if you have no objection."

"Does Corda know that you were coming to me?" asked Mabel, presently, when they were seated in the vehicle.

"No. I didn't like to run the risk of disappointing her."

"The doubt did me a little injustice, Mr. Shaw."

"It did you a great injustice. I'm ashamed of it now."

"And tell me, is it likely that— Mr. Shaw, I will speak frankly to you. I do not wish to meet Mr. Alfred Trescott; and I should be glad to hear that it is probable he will not be at home now."

"I think I may say you will certainly not meet him, Miss Bell. He is very seldom at home at all. As for his sister, he takes no more heed of *her*, the darling, than if she were made of wood. Just a careless kiss, or a word now and then, when he happens to think of it. Ah, he's— I'd rather not say in your presence what he is. But the little girl's affection for him is the most pathetic thing I ever saw in my life.

They reached Mr. Trescott's lodgings, and Jerry Shaw went in first to prepare Corda for the visit, while Mabel waited in the cab. Very shortly the old man reappeared, and beckoned her to enter the house. Corda was sitting on a low chair near the window to have the light upon some needle-work she held in her hand. Her head was bent down, and the rich curls of her bright hair half concealed her face. At Mabel's footsteps she jumped up, and ran to her, holding out her arms. In the first moment Mabel thought her looking not so ill as old Jerry had represented. Her cheeks had a red glow, her eyes a liquid brightness. But she was so weak that she tottered as she crossed the room, and she was thin almost to emaciation. "So good, so good of you to come," she whispered, laying her cheek against Mabel's shoulder.

"It was Mr. Shaw who brought me, Corda."

"He's always good. How many good people there are! I wish—do you think *every body* will be good, some day, Miss Mabel?"

"It is to be desired, dear," Mabel answered, smilingly, but Corda's face was very grave.

"I sometimes hope they will. Every body, every body good! That will be in heaven, won't it?"

"Yes, darling."

"And don't you think," pursued the child, sinking her voice to a whisper, "that the good people in heaven will be let to help to make those on earth better? Oh, I hope they may! I do hope it!"

Jerry Shaw, standing behind Corda, made Mabel a sign unseen by the former; and Mabel gently led the child away to other topics. It was not long before she was laughing gleefully at some anecdote about Dooley. "And do you know who is in London, Corda? My cousin Jack, from Dublin! Mr. Walton, as you call him."

Corda was full of interest directly, and asked a hundred questions about her kind friends in Ireland. "I have written to them," said she. "You must not think I was ungrateful. I did write to Mrs. Walton, and to Madame Bensa too. And they answered me. But I have not written lately. I have felt so tired."

Mr. Shaw had professed that he had an errand to perform in the neighborhood, and had left Mabel alone with the child, promising to return shortly. As he left the room he had given Mabel a beseeching glance intended to recall to her mind what he had said respecting Corda. The little girl seemed cheerful enough now, holding Mabel's hand, and chatting almost gayly. "How long have you been ill, Corda, dear?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, not very, very long, thank you." There was a shade of constraint over her manner all at once.

"And what made you so ill? Was it sudden?"

"Oh no, no. It was not that, indeed. I am quite sure I was not strong before."

"Not what, Corda? What are you alluding to, dear child?"

Corda grew more and more constrained and shy. "I mean, I should have been sure to be ill whatever happened. It was no one's fault."

"No one's fault! No, dear, I suppose not. But Mr. Shaw tells me, Corda, that he fancies you are not quite happy; that there is something distressing you. If it is so—if any trouble is preying on you—will you not confide it to me, Corda? Perhaps by consulting together we might find a way to cure it. Won't you trust me, dear little Corda?"

The child withdrew her hand from Mabel's clasp and shrank away. "No, no, I can't, indeed. Don't ask me," she said, beseechingly. "There is nothing to tell."

"Nothing, Corda?"

"Nothing—or at least—I mustn't tell a story even to do good, must I?"

"Stories never do good, Corda. Be sure of that."

"No; I will speak the truth. But keeping a secret is different. Something did make me a little unhappy, but—I—I hope it is over now. And I can not tell it to you, nor to any one. I have no right to do so. I found it out by chance." Then, as if fearing she had already said too much, she clasped her hands tightly together, and repeated, "No, no. I can't tell. I can't tell any one."

"Dear Corda, I will not urge you to do so," said Mabel, surprised and troubled by the child's agitation. "But you will promise me to let me help you if I can do so, will you not, Corda?"

Corda made an affirmative sign of the head, and slipped her small palm into Mabel's once more.

"You are weak and ill now, and sick people often have distressing fancies, you know, and see the dark side of things. When you get stronger your trouble may seem less terrible."

Corda smiled faintly and shook her head. "When I get stronger," she repeated.

Jerry Shaw returned at this moment, and Mabel rose to go away. "I must leave you now, Corda," she said. "You know my time is not at my own command. But I will come again soon, and bring Dooley to see you. He often asks when 'Torda' is coming again to be wheeled in his barrow! Shall I give him your love?"

"Oh yes, please! And to Mrs. Saxelby, if—if I may send it."

"You may certainly, Corda. Now tell me the exact address of your lodgings. Mr. Shaw conveyed me hither, and I do not know the name of the street."

"I will write it down," said Corda, eagerly taking up a pencil and a scrap of paper. "And—there—I have written one line to Dooley. Tell him it is a letter from me. He is always so delighted to get a letter. I remember, in Dublin, your cousin, Mr. Walton, used to send him little notes by the post on purpose to please him!"

"Thanks, Corda. It shall be duly delivered. And now, good-by, dear child. I will come again soon. Meanwhile, be as cheerful as you can, and get very strong."

Corda clung to her friend in a parting embrace, but with habitual docility, and the habit so strangely familiar to so young a creature of resigning her own will, and, as it were, suppressing herself for the sake of others, she let her go without any effort to detain her, or a word of complaint.

"I think you are right, Mr. Shaw," said Mabel, as the old man was putting her into the cab which was in waiting. "The child's mind is ill at ease. But it may be, after all, no serious matter that is troubling her. Corda has a most singularly sensitive nature, and a conscience painfully tender. She is surrounded, I fear, by many things that jar on her high sense of what is right and good."

"She made no special confidence to you, did she?"

"None. I invited her to do so as gently and as tenderly as I could. But I thought it would have been cruel and unwise to persist, when I saw how the attempt distressed her."

When Mabel returned home, she found her mother in as near an approach to an ill-humor as she ever indulged in.

"My dear Mabel!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "why did you go out in that manner? I have been so uneasy about you!"

"I am very sorry, dear mamma. You were not at hand, but I left word where I was gone to."

"Oh yes; it was not *that*. I did not fear that you were lost. But really, my child, you will wear yourself out. Running about from one sick house to another in this way! Every body we know seems to be plunged into affliction. I'm sure it's dreadful. You might as well be a Sister of Mercy at once!"

Mrs. Saxelby pronounced the last words as though they conveyed something very shocking indeed.

Mabel made what excuse she could, and proceeded to give such a moving account of little Dora Trescott's state, that her mother was melted into sympathy at once. Then Mabel asked if her cousin had been to Desmond Lodge that morning, and whether there had been any news of Walter Charlewood. Jack had been, and would come again. Mr. M'Culloch said there had been no tidings as yet. In the afternoon Jack appeared. Mabel hurried into the garden with an anxious questioning face.

"What news, Jack? Has any thing been heard?"

"Nothing of Walter. It begins to look bad, I think. I should not wonder if he had gone off abroad. But—you remember what I told you of those anonymous letters? Well, M'Culloch has just been telling me the crowning mystery of the whole affair. There has arrived at his office—it had been misdirected, and had gone astray—a letter (also anonymous), begging him in the most earnest manner not to give any heed to calumnies against Mr. Clement Charlewood. The writer evidently knows something of Charlewood's secret enemy, whoever he is. But it is the queerest composition. M'Culloch showed it to me, and I could make nothing of it, except that the person who wrote really seemed anxious that no injustice should be done to Charlewood. And at the same time there seems an odd desire to screen his anonymous persecutor!"

At this instant Dooley came up to Jack's side with a face of great importance, holding a paper in his hand.

"I've dot a letter," he cried, triumphantly.

"Go away now, dear boy," said his sister. "Cousin Jack will see it by-and-by."

"Won't 'oo 'ook at my letter?" persisted Dooley, holding it up.

Jack cast his eyes on the paper, and, with a loud exclamation, snatched it from the child and examined it closely.

"Who wrote this?" he asked.

"Corda—Corda Trescott," answered Mabel, gazing at him in bewilderment.

"Then," said Jack, emphatically, "as surely as you and I are standing here, Corda Trescott is one of M'Culloch's anonymous correspondents!"

"Jack, what are you saying? It is impossible!"

"If Corda Trescott wrote this, Corda Trescott wrote the letter I saw this morning. I would swear to it. They are both written in pencil too, which renders it easier to identify the hand. Dooley, old fellow, you must lend me this letter of yours for a time. And if I'm not much mistaken, it will prove to be the most valuable bit of correspondence you ever got in your life!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RICH CONSOLATION.—One who had espoused an old and ill-tempered, but extremely rich, wife used to say, "Whenever I find my temper giving way, I retire to my study, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes?—They correspond, but never meet.

BROKEN VOWS.

Promises are lightly spoken;
  Vows on which we blindly build
(Uttered only to be broken)
  Go forever unfulfilled.
Oft betrayed but still believing—
  Duped again and yet again—
All our weeping, all our grieving
  Warns us, but it warns in vain.

From the cradle to the coral—
  From the sunny days of youth—
We are taught the simple moral,
  Still we doubt the moral's truth.
When a boy they found me rather
  Loth to do as I was bid.
"I shall buy a birch," said father.
  Broken vows! He never did.

Grown extravagant, when youthful,
  In my tailor's debt I ran;
He appeared about as truthful
  In his talk as any man.
Let me tell you how he sold me;
  "Look you, Mr. What's-Your-Name,
I shall summon you," he told me—
  But the summons never came.

Through the meadows, daisy-laden,
  Once it was my lot to stray,
Talking to a lovely maiden
  In a very spooney way;
And I stole a kiss—another—
  Then another—then a lot.
"Fie!" she said, "I'll tell my mother."
  Idle words; she told her not.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Prospects of getting married for ladies who are past thirt—"aged."

A-LA-MODE.—What perils ladies will encounter to be in the fashion! They are generally supposed to show timidity in the presence of wild cattle, but they would rather face a mad bull than not to have their dresses *gored*.

IRISH NEWS.—We see it reported that recently the usual celebrations commemorating the *raising* of the siege of Derry were held, and in a fitting and Hibernian manner—by the singing of "Derry *Down!*"

PEACE IN PIECES.

What strange notions of its object the Peace Congress at Geneva had! But how could the members and representatives of the various nations hope to agree, except to differ, when—

Garibaldi's Peace is a Piece of the Sword.
Prim's Peace is a Piece of Humbug.
Louis Blanc's Peace is a Piece of his Mind, and the chance to speak it.
Victor Hugo's Peace is Piece-work—long.
Italian Peace is Church Lands—a Piece apiece.
Spain's present Peace is a Piece of Luck.
Louis Napoleon's favorite Peace is a Piece of Ordnance.
Prussia's Peace is a Piece from each neighbor.
Abyssinia's Peace is to be a Battle Piece.
Geneva's Peace—in getting rid of the Congress so quickly—is a Piece of good Fortune.

AN EBONY RULER—Theodore.

What sweetmeats did they have in the Ark?—Preserved pairs.

A DANDY.

A dandy is a thing who would
Be a woman if he could:
But, as he can't, does all he can
To make folks think he's not a man.

At a Methodist meeting the singer who led the psalm tune finding that the concluding word, which was Jacob, had not syllables enough to fill up the music adequately, ended thus: "Ja-a-a—Ja-a-a—tol de riddle cob!"

When is a lawyer strongest?—When he is fee-blest.

Why is whisky like the rising sun?—It is an Irishman's day-light.

HOW TO SAVE A DYING DUCK—Send for a quack doctor.

LADIES' SLATES.—In popular phraseology a man's hat is sometimes called a tile, but that word seems much rather applicable to the species of head-dress which ladies now use instead of a bonnet. This really is, as to size and shape, extremely like a tile, differing from one only in color, and in being decorated with artificial flowers, foliage, and other embellishments, in place of the house-leek, lichens, and other forms of vegetation which commonly garnish a roof-tile in position. The fashionable covering of ladies' heads may also be said to resemble a slate; but it differs from both a slate and a tile in the disadvantage of not standing the weather, being spoiled by a very few drops of rain, to the sorrow of the husband or father who has to replace it at considerable expense, if not much to the grief of the wearer who gets a new coiffure. Regarding this thing, in connection with monstrous chignons, under the name of a slate, one can not help observing that many girls appear to have a slate loose in the upper story.

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

All dogs, like men, from earth must pass:
  This one's short life is over;
As people say, "he's gone to grass"—
  Let's hope, poor "Patch," it's *Clover!*

An old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand; the former will give you one, and thank you too.

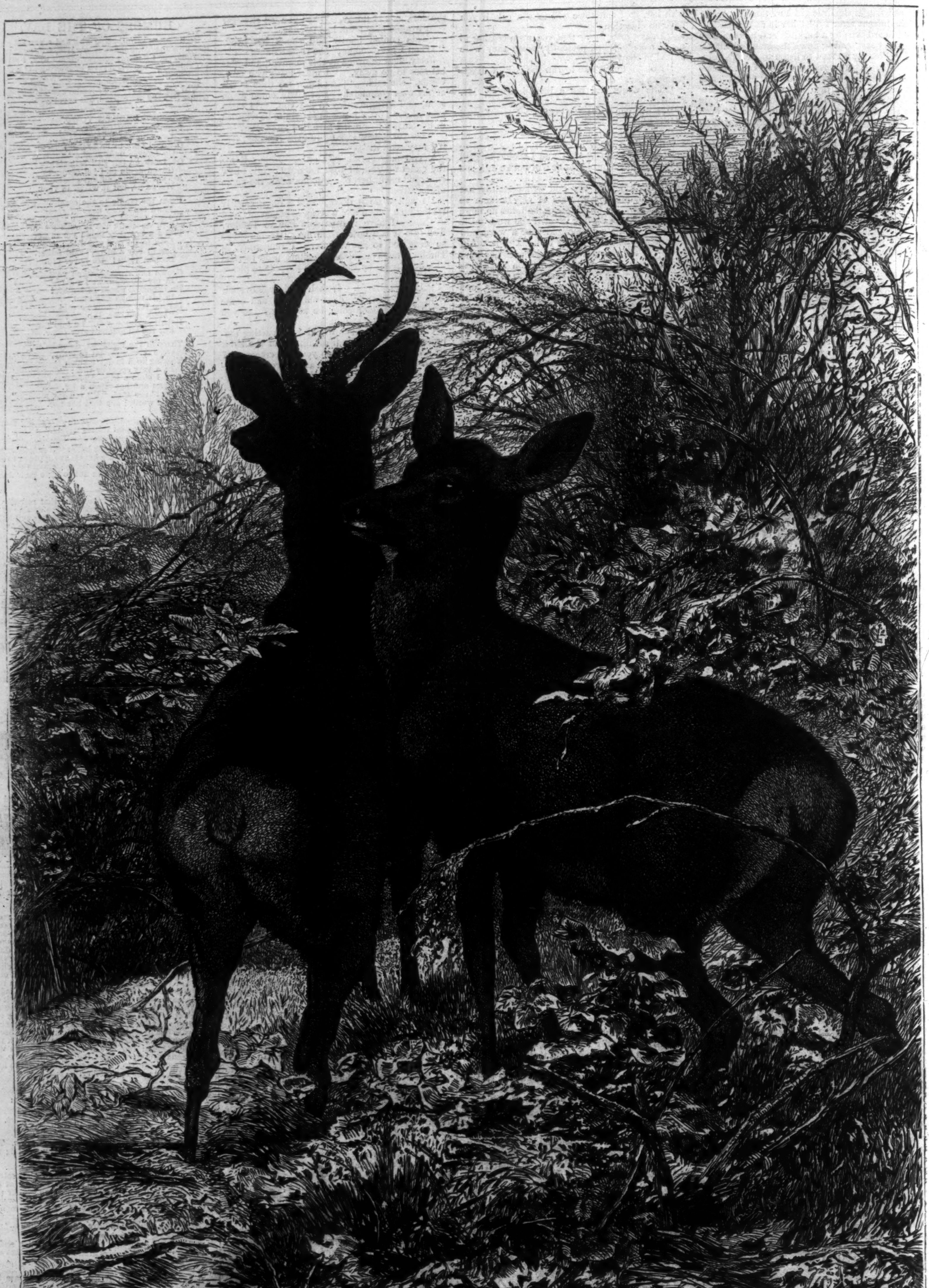
At Niagara Falls, a few days ago, an elaborately-dressed woman was observed to be looking at the Horse-Shoe Fall who seemed to have no eye for any thing but the delicate green of the tumbling water. "What a delicate shade!" she said. "How becoming it would be to a light blonde like me! When I return to New York I intend to have a dress just like it."

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal?—The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

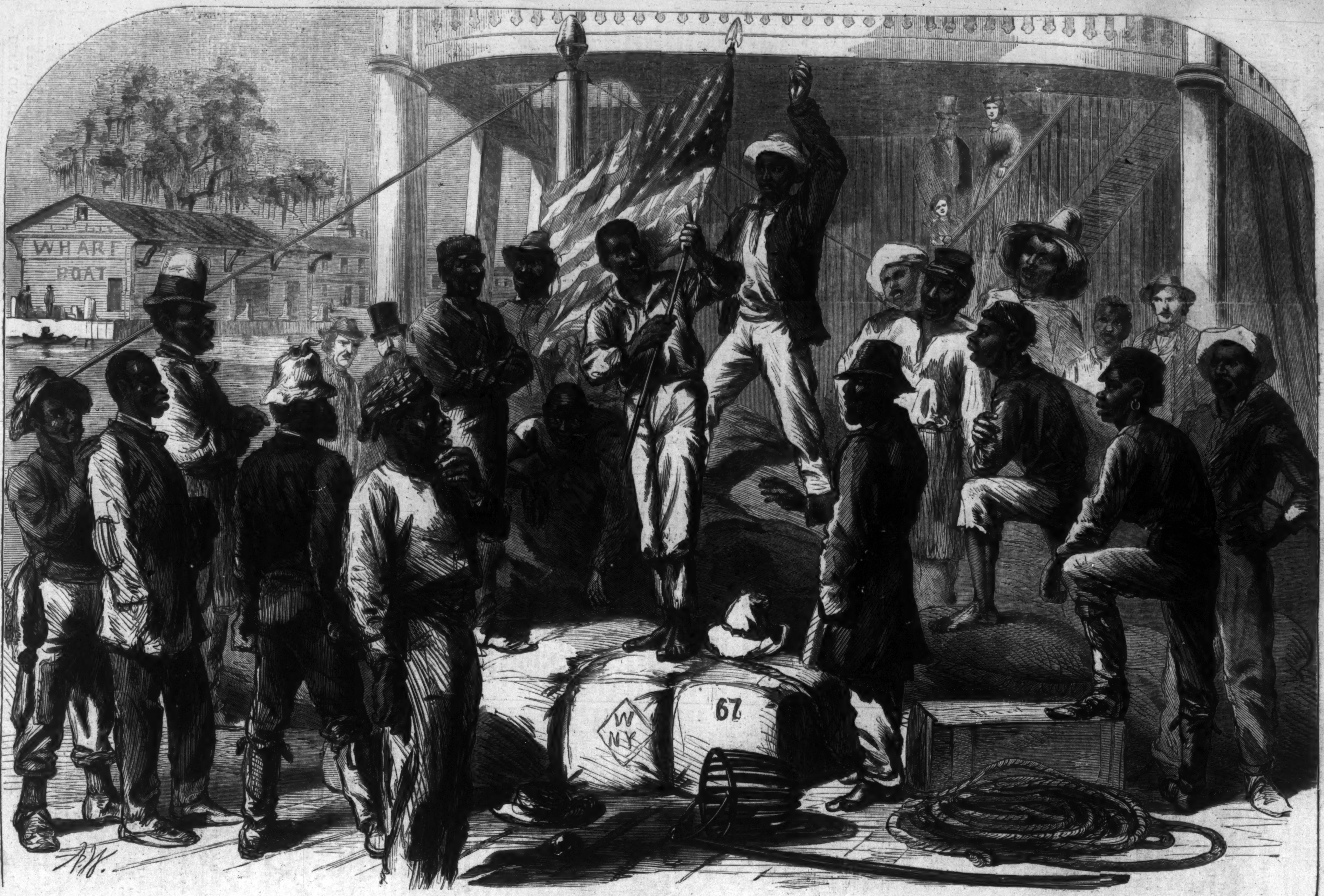
BERRY LIKELY!—An Italian poet has, we are informed, written a poem of 900 lines on strawberries. We should not like to give *berry* much for what is not, perhaps, worth a *straw*.

In a small party, the conversation turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match. I think you want the brimstone." To which she replied, "No, not the brimstone; only the spark."

"Sister," said one of the brethren at a love-feast, "are you happy?" "Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom." "Not in Beelzebub's bosom!" "Well, some of the patriarchs, I don't care which."



"DEER ON THE LOOK-OUT."—From an Etching by K. Bodmer.—[See Page 714.]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67

SCENE ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER—"THE PARTING SONG."—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 717.]

"DEER ON THE LOOK-OUT."

THE general reader will be attracted by the large and spirited engraving which we give on page 712 of *Chevreuils aux Aguets*, representing a stag and roe on the look-out for the object which has just startled them. The artist is KARL BODMER, one of the first of French designers, who as late as 1855 obtained the medal for designs of the French Academy, and who spent some years in this country in making studies for a map of the interior of North America. Our engraving is a fac-simile of the etching as it came from the designer's hands, and all the beauties of his graceful and skillful work are faithfully reproduced.

A PLEASANT CORRESPONDENCE.

A STARTLING ring at the door of Mr. Nelson's house preceded the news of the accident. Henry Nelson, Mr. Nelson's brother, had left them immediately after breakfast that morning. He was going out a few miles into the country, and would return just in time for the twelve o'clock train West. So they had bade him good-by, with no thought of seeing him again immediately.

This grave-looking man of thirty-five, whom people called "odd" and "whimsical," or sometimes, more respectfully, "eccentric" and "independent," was always a welcome guest at Maurice Nelson's; and if sprightly Mrs. Nelson had been less confident of her own position she might have been jealous of the warm affection existing between her husband and this older brother. But, with no thought of jealousy, she had always made her house seem home to this restless, homeless man of business.

Now, the man on the steps announced his return, and Maurice Nelson hurried out to the carriage to find his brother sitting, pale and helpless, with a broken leg. Returning from his ride he had met with this accident, occasioned by frightened, unmanageable horses; and now he had come back to remain his brother's guest for an indefinite period.

"This is bad business," said Maurice, pressing his brother's hand, "but fortunate that you were so near us."

"Yes, that relieves the ugly features of it wonderfully," said Henry, putting one arm around his brother's neck, as they lifted him out; "but there is danger that I shall wear out my welcome this time."

"I'm not afraid of it," said Maurice; "careful there; careful John. Don't you see you hurt him? Perhaps it will prove a blessing to you in some way."

"Painfully disguised, then," groaned Henry, clenching his hands and setting his teeth hard together.

They carried him to the pretty front-chamber and laid him on the bed; and after a great deal of pain and groaning the broken limb was set, the confusion subsided, and Henry Nelson seemed established, comfortably miserable, in his pleasant apartment. Mrs. Nelson was as kind and sisterly in her attentions as a sister-in-law could be, and Libbie Lee—a cousin of Mrs. Nelson's who was visiting there—looked in occasionally with a cheerful word. But Mr. Nelson had been accustomed to health and active life; this confinement was irksome, and as his brother had but little leisure, and his sister could spend but a part of her time with him, the days dragged heavily along. One day he had been alone almost since morning; reading had become tedious; all the defects of the little unproportioned figures on the wall, a curtain hanging a trifle awry, or a chair left out of place, had been detected, mentally corrected, dismissed, and recalled again, until they were painfully prominent every time he opened his eyes; and, as sleep seemed impossible, time had become almost intolerable to him, when Libbie Lee tapped at his door.

He had met this Miss Lee at his brother's often. She was pretty and good-natured, he had always thought. He had heard a story of a sad sort of struggle she had had with life; a story of which he remembered nothing but the impression it gave him. It had rather touched him, he remembered, and he felt sorry for her. But he always avoided these people that the world had dealt harshly with. They were weak, complaining, bitter; demanding expressions of sympathy; expecting to be condoled with; and he shrank from their approach. But the Libbie Lee looking into his room to-day, with the wavy yellow-brown hair, bore no resemblance to the sad, mistreated Miss Lee of his imagination, and his face brightened with welcome.

"The paper has just come, and I thought you would like to see it. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Dismally. I haven't spoken to a soul but John since morning, and am thoroughly tired of myself."

"The folks are gone, you know; they were obliged to leave you."

"I know. But can't you devote a little of your valuable time to my entertainment?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; as soon as I have finished the letter I am writing."

"A letter! Are you writing to a young lady?"

"I am," said Libbie, opening her blue eyes very wide at his question.

"Then it will be tediously long, of course," he said, with a despairing sigh. "Couldn't you just give her my love, and be excused from any thing further this time?"

Libbie laughed, as much at the doleful expression as at the proposition.

"It is nearly done. I'll bring it in here, and add a longer message, if you choose."

"Please do."

She brought her port-folio and sat in a low chair by the window while she finished her letter. Mr. Nelson watched her, as she bent over the paper, wondering how her bright, cheery face had ever seemed despondent.

"I've finished, Mr. Nelson; what shall I say for you?"

"If she is a kind, sympathetic soul, say that I am a lone, lorn cripple; and ask her to write to me."

Libbie's pen scratched busily for a moment.

"What else?"

"I guess that will do for this time. The idea has just occurred to me, Miss Lee, to write to her myself. What is her name? And how does she look? Do you think it would be advisable?"

"I think it would be capital," said Libbie, catching the idea readily. "Her name is Emma Lusk, and I have her photograph that I will show you. Here it is," she said, a moment after, placing her album in his hand, "and that is a very good picture of her."

Mr. Nelson gave it an indolently critical examination.

"Not remarkable-looking in any way, but passable; if I can not find one that I like better. I used to flatter myself that I could read people's characters in their faces," he continued, idly turning over the leaves, "but all I claim now is to know whether I like a face or not without attempting to give a reason."

"That is intuitive knowledge, that comes without reason, I suppose," said Libbie, counting the stitches on the work she had taken. Mr. Nelson did not answer for a moment. He was studying a face in the album.

"Yes, I suppose it is; intuition or imagination," he said, at last. "But I have found a face here that interests me. The mouth is rather wide and the forehead too low to suit my idea of beauty, but I like it. I think I prefer this to the other; so please introduce her to me; that is, as nearly as present circumstances will allow, and I will address my letter to her."

"Who is it? Let me see," said Libbie, rising and going to his side. "What, that!" looking aghast and perplexed for a moment; then, carelessly, "I thought from your tone that you were speaking seriously."

"Seriously? Indeed I am. Why not? This is not a married lady?"

"Oh no," said Libbie, resuming her seat.

"Then there is no reason why I should not propose a correspondence with her?"

"None that I know of," looking at him sharply as he examined the picture; "only I did not think of your fancying her. I had almost forgotten that I had her picture."

"Who is she?" he said, laying the book before him without taking his eyes from the picture.

"A friend of mine—Amanda Gray. That was taken several years ago, when she wore her hair short; she wears coils now, and has grown older and changed some in looks."

"Is she an intelligent, amiable young lady?"

"Yes, ordinarily so. As you said of Miss Lusk, I don't know that she is 'remarkable in any way.' Can't you trust to your intuition to discover her faults?"

"I am not discerning enough to read her biography from a picture of her face, but I want to hear all you can tell me of her; and then her address, a note of introduction, and as favorable a recommendation as your conscience will permit you to give me; for all of which I shall appreciate my indebtedness to you."

"I have known her a long time; but hardly know what to tell," commenced Libbie, hesitatingly. "That picture is one of some she had taken for her brothers, when they enlisted. She had two brothers, all the near relatives she had. They were noble boys. You might not have guessed it from her looks, but she was older than either of them. Their father died when they were small, leaving them with a consumptive mother. When Amanda was eighteen her mother died, and she went into a store as clerk; this was done from necessity, of course, for all they had left, and more, would be required to help her brothers in getting an education; and this situation was the best she could find. Her constant attendance upon her mother for years previous had nearly unfitted her for any thing. She was not very strong; nor quick enough with her needle to hope to maintain herself by sewing. Her education was too sadly deficient to think of teaching; for she had left school to read to and care for her mother, and nearly forgotten the little she had acquired. But, you know, there is always something to do for those who will; she found it in a little store. I don't like to tell how it pinched and perplexed her to make a respectable appearance, while trying to save a mite to help her brothers. She had a sensitive pride about it then, but had great faith in the time when the boys would be men, for they were every thing to her, and would more than repay her then. But that time never came; for, as I told you, they both enlisted. The temptation was too great for enthusiasts of eighteen and twenty. A great bounty that would make their sister's life easier; and then all those great surging feelings that made the individual so insignificant and the country so great just then. And Amanda, as fond and foolish as she was proud, sewed more firmly every button of their new uniforms, and packed little parcels in their knapsacks, with her eyes blinded by tears." Here Libbie stopped and gazed intently out of the window for a moment. "And they didn't come back, you know," she added; "neither of them."

"So her life is rather a sad, gloomy one now," suggested Mr. Nelson, as she stopped again.

"No, I think not;" said Libbie. "Among her treasures she has a package of old letters, a Minié ball, an almost illegible pocket-diary, and two or three slips cut from the county newspaper that she keeps to cry over once in a while. But her brothers' generous thoughtfulness made her life easier, and the world is very kind to her now. Then, to have had two such brothers to give seems a great deal to her. It makes it easier to get above little troubles."

"Your story has made your friend's face more interesting than before," said Mr. Nelson, taking the book in his hand again. "Where did you say she lived?"

"You remember the little town of Hungerford, about ten miles out on the Central road? That was her home."

"Miss Amanda Gray, Hungerford." Mr. Nelson wrote and rewrote it, on the margin of the morning paper. "I am afraid you can not give your friend as favorable a representation of me; but you must introduce me in the best reasonable terms," he said, with amusing seriousness.

"To be sure," said Libbie, gayly. "I shall tell her how patient and forbearing you are; how John never has to open and close the blinds oftener than twice in fifteen minutes; that Cousin Electa succeeds in getting your coffee right almost every third time; that you have exhausted all the literature in the house and are pining for amusement; and that, you know, is all I can write, except of the flattering notice you gave her picture, and as good a description of your personal appearance as I am capable of."

"I see, Miss Lee, that you are not favorable to my attention to your friend. I suspect that you do not like to recommend me, and that I can not depend upon your assistance."

"I will write any thing you wish," said Libbie, laughing, "only you must dictate. But I think Cousin Electa, who knows you better, could help you more."

"No indeed! You want her to tell stories about window-blinds, and every third cup of coffee, don't you?" I'll just trouble you to write a short note of introduction, stating the circumstances of my misfortune—as pathetically as possible, if you please—and then I'll plead my own case."

"Very well," said Libbie, with an amused look. "When do you wish me to write it?"

"To-day—immediately. You have paper there—haven't you?"

"And pen and ink also," said Libbie, dating her page. Mr. Nelson watched her curious smile, as she rapidly wrote a few lines. "This is all you require, I believe," she said, as she concluded, handing it to him. Mr. Nelson read:

> "DEAR FRIEND,—You have seen my cousin Electa's husband, Maurice Nelson—the dearest, pleasantest cousin in the world? If you have not, you have heard me speak of him. A short time since his older brother, Henry Nelson—a fine-looking, enterprising, *unmarried* man—while riding in our town had the misfortune to break his leg, and has since been trying to patiently endure the pain and weariness of getting well. To-day he has selected your picture, in my album, as that of one whose acquaintance he wishes to make; and he earnestly requests to be allowed to communicate with you by mail. I promised to intercede for him—hence this hasty epistle. I am, dear Amanda, as ever, Your Friend,
>
> "LIBBIE LEE."

"It was not positively necessary to write that '*older* brother,'" said Mr. Nelson, dryly; "but it will do. Now, leave the pen and ink here, and I will write when I am alone. No, you need not leave me for that. I am not *crowded* with company usually."

Their conversation was interrupted soon after this by the return of Mrs. Nelson.

"This is my secret, Miss Lee; you must not betray it," said Mr. Nelson, as he heard her entrance.

"But Electa would enjoy it so much; and it takes three to keep a secret."

"Yes. You and I and Miss Gray. I don't want any body else to enjoy it."

That evening Mr. Nelson gave Libbie his letter ready for the mail.

"I am to read it?" she asked, noticing that it was unsealed.

"Yes; this and the reply. After that I shall be more exclusive."

It read as follows:

> "MY DEAR MISS GRAY,—In proposing this rather unusual form of acquaintance, I do not wish to be regarded as one looking for amusement only. I have been interested in the little sketch of your life that our friend Miss Lee has kindly given, and desire to know more of the person represented in her album. Believing that an acquaintance would be a source of pleasure—I hope of mutual pleasure and benefit—I intrust to Miss Lee my brief petition, and await your reply. With much respect,
>
> "Yours very truly,
>
> "HENRY NELSON."

"And how soon do you think she will be pleased to answer it?" he asked, as she refolded the letter.

"I can't tell. Perhaps not at all—perhaps to-morrow. If she answers immediately, you will get it to-morrow evening."

Mr. Nelson did not see Libbie again until the next evening. Once he sent a message requesting her company, but was told that she had gone out. Just as the gas was lighted he heard her voice in the hall below, and soon she came bringing him a letter.

"I suppose you have been waiting very patiently for this?"

"Yes, moderately so."

"And what reward am I to have for acting as agent in this affair?"

"The reward the good always have; that of an approving conscience," replied Mr. Nelson, opening his letter.

> "MR. NELSON,—I am quite unable to decide concerning the prospective pleasure and benefit you predict, as your letter modestly omits the enumeration of your merits, and does not show what has recommended me to your notice. I claim no other motive than that of curiosity, or a love of novelty, in thus promptly replying to your note. I am respectfully,
>
> "AMANDA GRAY."

Mr. Nelson read the letter over once—twice.

"Which means," he said aloud, "that she is not particularly impressed in my favor, and doesn't expect to be; but thinks the novelty of the affair will be a diversion. Very well. I am grateful for such a concession. And now let us see what we can read in this letter, besides the words. You are not foolish and fanciful, Miss Lee, but come and be amused by my imaginary discoveries."

Libbie looked at him wonderingly as she sat down by his side.

"There," he said, apologetically, "I must trouble you for that book on the bureau. Here"—turning over the leaves—"are some autographs I want to refer to. This"—pointing to a line written in diminutive characters—"what do you think of the person who wrote this?"

"A school-girl," said Libbie, smiling.

"You are right. My niece, a miss of fifteen. But how did you know? It is not awkwardly written."

"Oh no, I did not say that. The careful little flourish of the capitals I guess; or the neat, conscious look of the words. I could not have mistaken it."

"And this?"—turning to another page.

"An old person; an old lady."

"Yes, that identifies itself readily; my mother's. And this?"

Libbie took the book and studied it a moment. "I don't know," she said, slowly, shaking her head.

"But you have an idea?"

"Yes; of a rather positive, conceited person."

"Why so?"

"I can't tell. The impudent ostentation of her indistinct characters, perhaps. It is not so easy to analyze as to conjecture."

"You were right, however. And now for Miss Gray's," he said, turning to her letter. "Plainly written, easily read at a glance, which discovers—"

"That she had a good pen," suggested Libbie.

"More than that. It denotes the same self-respect and good taste that a becoming toilet or a pretty arrangement of the hair does."

"How very philosophical!" laughed Libbie.

"And now for the peculiarities; they are not very marked or striking. The same would be remarked of her manner probably. There is a decided look about each word, don't you see? But a careless grace about each letter. She is energetic, piquant, lively."

"I don't see that you need any personal acquaintance with people, Mr. Nelson; you read character so easily without."

"You mean that I *assume* to. But the 'make-believe' is not as satisfactory as more tangible evidence. So I will write to Miss Gray again."

For a month a lively correspondence continued between Mr. Nelson and his fair friend. It was evidently an interesting one to both parties, as their long and frequent letters indicated. Libbie Lee seemed no longer interested in it. She brought Mr. Nelson his letters, and took charge of those he had sealed and addressed; sometimes with a jesting query about their contents, sometimes feigning serious apprehensions about the result, but with no apparent curiosity. A considerable part of her time was spent in reading to or chatting with Mr. Nelson; and now that he could get down to the parlor, his time passed so pleasantly that he hardly coveted his returning strength. He expressed something of this to his brother one evening, as they sat together in the dusky twilight.

"You know I predicted a blessing from your misfortune, and you thought it rather meagre consolation," replied Maurice.

"I recollect that I thought it an easy thing to say then; but sometimes since I have had a glimpse of a blessing that I hoped might be mine. At all events, I do not regret the accident."

Maurice did not reply, but laid his hand familiarly on the arm of his brother's chair, and hummed a tune. Presently Mrs. Nelson came in.

"What, sitting here in the dark yet! Why, Maurice, aren't you going to the lecture? Here I am, all ready."

"I had almost forgotten it, but here I am," said Maurice, rising.

It had grown quite dark when Libbie Lee came in, bringing a light.

"You here alone!" she said, as the light flashed upon him.

"Yes, sitting in the darkness, waiting for you to bring me light," he replied, in his gravely jesting way.

"And behold I came and dispelled your darkness," said Libbie, in a monotone.

"Not quite, Miss Lee. I am very gloomy. Let me confide my troubles to you. Come and sit here, won't you? and read this letter."

Libbie sat down and held out her hand for the letter.

"Wait until I have told you something about it," he said, taking her outstretched hand in his. "Perhaps you did not know how eagerly I have waited for these letters you have brought me, though I think I have all the time protested my earnestness, haven't I?"

"Yes; in that mock-serious way of yours. I did not know whether to believe it or not."

"I had no very sanguine expectations, but I hoped that my letters would interest Miss Gray in the writer. I hoped she would *like* me; and that would mean a great deal to me. I could more than return it. Yesterday I wrote her a long letter, telling her what I had hoped, what I still hope, and asking her permission to go and see her, now that I am better. In reply she sent me this letter. Read it now, please."

"Excuse me, Mr. Nelson, but I am not interested in your correspondence with Miss Gray."

"Oh! yes you are; deeply interested. You know you are."

"I am not, Sir."

"But you were; you began it, and—and she is your friend."

"I have, once for all, no interest in the correspondence or the—the correspondents; and I I do not care to read your letter."

"But, my dear Miss Libbie, read it for my sake—in order to advise me. I want your advice—your assistance. I want you to tell me if

I shall persist in my suit—I want you—I want—you—to answer me 'yes' or 'no' to-night."

She looked at him steadily and earnestly for a moment, and then stretched out her hand for the letter. He gave it to her, and she read:

> "You will readily believe me, my dear Mr. Nelson, when I say that I am more than delighted at your decision, and gratified at your proposition. I accept with pleasure."

She stopped at this point, and threw the letter carelessly on the bed.

"You do not need advice on that subject. Miss Gray is only less delighted than yourself."

She would have risen, but he held her arm.

"Please read to the end, won't you?" he said, in a singularly nervous, importuning tone.

> "I accept, with pleasure, your invitation, and as soon as you shall have fixed the day I shall be ready."

"Obliging young lady, truly," said Miss Lee, with a slight sneer. "She resigns all the privileges of her sex."

"Go on, please."

> "If you had hunted the whole world over you could not have found a more lovable nature—"

"Modest, I must say."

> —"or a wife who will devote herself more untiringly to your happiness—that is, if she loves you."

"Oh, she is not certain that she loves you?"

"I have not asked her."

Libbie looked strangely at him, and then at the letter again.

> "If she does, you must have already discovered it; for nothing can if this long-continued correspondence has not aroused the jealousy of poor Libbie."

"Me!" exclaimed Libbie.

"Has it? Say it has, my darling," said Mr. Nelson. "Forgive the stupid trick with which I sought to read your character, to divine your feelings, to—to learn my fate, and answer me truly, Libbie, has it? Yes or No?"

But Libbie never answered that question with words, but she placed the letter in his hand, and let her own lie there as she answered,

"This has been a very pleasant correspondence, hasn't it?"

"And my accident has indeed been a blessing in disguise."

DR. THORNTON'S CASE.

"It is so strange that you do not marry, Paul!" said Harry Needham to his friend, Dr. Thornton, when the tea things had been carried out, and they sat pleasantly talking by the bright fire of Pennsylvania anthracite that lit up the cozy back-parlor of his pleasant New York home.

The remark was a most natural one, since the cozy back-parlor was so suggestive of all sweet home-comforts. There were marks of somebody's tasteful fingers every where, and Harry's eyes dwelt lovingly on the closed door whence his household fairy had disappeared with the year-old baby asleep in her arms.

Dr. Thornton looked around with a slow, sweeping glance, which took in all the graceful appointments of the room, from the pretty Fayal work-stand, whose tremulous shadow quaintly interlaced the fire-light cast upon the floor, to the looping of the snowy curtains, and the training of the parlor-ivy on the wall. He had the face and manner of a master; and, looking at him, you would not wonder that, although still young, he held already an assured position among men of his profession who could count twice his years of practice.

"It *is* strange, Harry; I wish I could."

"Why not?" asked Needham, in surprise at his friend's earnest tone.

There was no answer for a moment. Thornton bent forward and looked musingly into the coals.

"The witchery of the fire-light must be on me to-night," he said at last, with a smile. "It is not often that I am in a mood for confidences. Why not, did you say? Because I believe I am hopelessly in love—with a memory. You would scarcely suspect me of such romantic impressibility that the face of a girl whom I saw only once, and that years ago, should have power to come between me and every other woman whom I might have loved; yet, looking back to-night, I know it is true. Having once seen my ideal, I can not be content with less.

"It was my first year at the German University. I had been miserably ill, and my physician positively insisted upon outdoor air and active exercise. So I set out, although I could ill afford either time or money, in company with two or three others, with staff and wallet, to visit on foot various places of interest.

"We stopped for a week in Dresden. One day—how well I remember it!—I had been strolling along the Elbe, through the public gardens, watching the groups of quaintly-dressed people sipping their coffee in the shade and chatting gayly to each other. My walk ended, as usual, in the Art Gallery, for pictures were my enthusiasm then as now. Going into the hall where hung the Sistine Madonna, I saw a party of tourists standing before the painting. My first glance assured me that they were Americans, and this of itself would have attracted me—a home face is so dear in a strange land—had not the central figure of the group riveted my gaze in a moment. The others were engaged in conversation, pointing out the various features of the picture, and indulging in the familiar rhapsodies; but this girl, a slender creature of not more than fifteen, stood motionless and silent, her lips parted, a faint flush on her cheek, and the whiteness of her finger-tips showing the firm pressure of her clasped hands together. You want me to tell you of her face; but it is useless to try—I can not describe it. It was very beautiful; but no mere beauty could have held me with undiminished charm at this distance of place and time. Her expression indicated not so much simple admiration of the picture as a complete merging of her own personality into the sublime emotions which the theme inspired. The wonderful mingling of tender adoration with dimly foreshadowed suffering in the face of the Madonna seemed to have reproduced itself in her own until the canvas might have been a mirror, where the image of the dark-eyed, oval-faced girl who stood there was portrayed.

"'We must be going,' said a lady, whom I judged to be her mother; 'the train leaves at six, you know, and there is the packing to be finished. Come, Annie! Why, the child would stay here a whole day!'—touching the girl's arm, who had not moved. She started, looked about her with a deep breath, and, still without speaking, turned to follow the company from the room. As she passed me at the door a knot of leaves disengaged itself from the brooch at her throat and fell to the floor; I stooped quickly and returned it to her, and to this day I can not breathe the spicy fragrance of geranium without feeling again the thrill with which her smile repaid me."

Dr. Thornton might have said more, but little Mrs. Needham came in at that moment.

"What! the gas not yet lighted?" she said, in surprise. "You gentlemen must have been asleep, or telling secrets. Shall I break the spell?"

"I wish it were always as pleasantly broken," answered Dr. Thornton, gallantly, while Needham rose to light a taper at the grate.

"Your new croquet-table is finished, I see, Mrs. Needham—can not we have a game? Harry shall take two balls, and you and I will play against him." Then in an aside, "It is but fair, Harry; I have played my game of life alone so long."

"Later, when the strife had been triumphantly concluded by Mrs. Needham, who compassed two arches and the stake at her final stroke, and they were quietly seated again, Needham said:

"You will hardly thank me, Paul, for sending you another case when you are overcrowded already. Our house has just lost the services of a young lady, one of the very best designers we have ever employed. You have seen our last edition of the 'Christmas Hymns?' The illuminations are mostly hers—some splendid work there, which you know how to appreciate. Our last order had not been filled, so I looked up her address, and called to-day. I found her sitting with bandaged eyes in a darkened room and suffering great pain. Knowing that you made diseases of the eye a specialty I recommended her to you. I had still another reason for doing so, which I will explain. She lives alone with her widowed mother, who has been an invalid for some years, and they are poor. I suspected as much before, but now I am sure of it. Their room was small, and scarcely comfortable, but several articles of furniture indicated former luxuries. A piano stood in one corner, and I learned incidentally that she had given music-lessons in addition to her other work. I doubt if they have any resources beyond her hands, which must now be idle. Both mother and daughter are evidently refined and sensitive; and although I felt great sympathy I could think of no way of making an offer of substantial assistance. But I thought I would ask you, in case of her application to you, to make your terms for the treatment of her eyes as nearly nominal as possible without offending her sense of propriety."

"I should do so most gladly; what is the lady's name?"

"Miss Brayton—Annie Brayton," answered Needham; "here is her last work, a part of the unfinished order of which I spoke." He rose and took three or four sketches from a port-folio, marginal designs for a book of poems. "See here!" he said, holding one of them in the light, "did you ever see any thing drawn with greater spirit than that cliff with its bold lines and apparently inaccessible approach, yet the bit of irregular wall at the summit shows human presence and effort, and so appeals to the universal sympathy of the race. One who could sketch that must know what it is to be at *home* among the mountains."

"I like this one particularly," said Thornton, after a pause, "although it is the simplest of all—this tuft of moss shot through by a spray of scarlet partridge-berries; I like it because of the marvelous faithfulness with which it is finished, the evidence of a touch so tender and delicate as to be almost a caress. I am anxious to see my patient."

"Perhaps there is a charm about the name she bears," said Needham, playfully, while Dr. Thornton drew out his watch and rose to take his leave.

Among the visitors in the ante-room, when the physician's office-door was thrown open next day, sat a young lady dressed in deep black. She awaited patiently her turn for examination, then rose and went into the inner apartment.

"Dr. Thornton, I believe?" she said, in a voice singularly clear and musical. "I am Miss Brayton; will you please look at my eyes?"

As she spoke she threw back the heavy veil, whose double folds had protected her from the light, and lifted toward him—the face of the Dresden Gallery! The same, yet not the same! By the influence of years of trial, patient endurance, and earnest hopeful effort, the ungrouped capabilities of the girl had been crystallized into many-sided character. She stood before him, the perfection of his dream, his own out of all the world, he thought—yet he must school himself to the utterance of professional common-places, while not the tremor of a nerve should betray his long constancy.

"It is only a temporary difficulty, Dr. Thornton?" she said, with trembling eagerness.

"That depends upon the care you shall take of yourself," he answered, gravely; "as yet there is no organic disease. You must have strained your whole nervous system by some kind of overwork. Only rest and a careful obedience to prescribed treatment can give you back your eyes."

"For how long?"

"I can not tell; six months at least."

The poor girl uttered an involuntary exclamation of dismay, and her lip quivered for a moment, but she controlled herself by a strong effort.

"I ought to be thankful for the hope of being well at all," she said, wearily; "but it seems very long to wait."

The autumn and winter wore on. Miss Brayton's eyes improved but slowly. It was true that she needed utter rest of body and mind; the former she took of necessity, but the latter was beyond her power. To find her way through the glare of the street was a task so trying that Dr. Thornton forbade it, visiting her at her own home instead. Her heart sank at thought of the long bill of charges to come in by-and-by, even while she could not repress a thrill of pleasure at the sound of his familiar step. There was the piano as a last resort, she thought; her treasured jewels, her father's gift, had been sold already to meet the emergencies of the present.

Mrs. Brayton's watchful and tender eyes could not fail to detect the brightness which Dr. Thornton's lingering calls brought into her daughter's face, and a secret trouble grew at her heart which she would not for the world have put into spoken words. Must a greater grief still be in store for the young heart that had labored so patiently and suffered so nobly?

One day the Doctor brought a basket of rare fruit; again it was a bunch of hot-house flowers, fragrant with geranium and heliotrope; or a magazine, with passages marked for Mrs. Brayton to read aloud. Indeed, he so succeeded in interweaving himself with all her few pleasures that it was no wonder if poor Annie said a dozen times a day, "How kind of him, mamma!" with her pale cheek in a glow.

The time came at last when the bright sunshine might find its way unchecked through the windows. Annie's eyes were not yet strong enough for her painting, but the days of idle darkness wore past, and she could at least look forward to the speedy resumption of her music-lessons.

"You will not need me much longer, Miss Annie," said Dr. Thornton, finding her alone one day; "shall you be glad?"

She did not reply, but he went on, as if he had not noticed her silence: "I have brought you something quite in your line," unrolling an engraving.

"You have seen the original, Miss Annie."

"Yes; how did you know?"

"The poor student who picked up your bouquet in the Dresden Gallery has remembered you too well to be mistaken."

A sudden illumination broke over her face.

"Can it be possible?" she cried. "Now I understand the strange consciousness I have often had of having seen you somewhere long ago! Here is the lost thread which has eluded me so long!"

"Annie," said Dr. Thornton, softly, "since then your face has been with me always. It has helped to subject the baseness of my nature and lift me toward all things noble and true. When I saw it again in my room that day I dared to hope that God had given you to me. These few months of your darkness seem to have concentrated all the light of my life. Annie, have I presumed too much?"

Dr. Thornton's house is rich in painting and statuary. Connoisseurs go there to study and admire.

"Mrs. Thornton," said Harry Needham, as he went from wall to wall the other day, "your husband has mistaken his vocation—with his taste he should have been a great artist."

"No, Annie, tell him no!" said Thornton, coming to his wife's side and drawing her within the shelter of his arm; "no immortality on canvas or in marble could have made up to me for the loss of the *case* which I have so often blessed him for sending me, by merit of my plain profession!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

One can scarcely open a newspaper in these careless, reckless times without seeing the record of some serious accident from the thoughtless, frivolous, or sportive use of fire-arms. Murders are committed in fun. The revolver is *supposed* to be unloaded, or there is no *design* to pull the trigger of the rifle, but a murderous weapon is aimed in sport at a human being—a brother, a sister, a companion—and the jest proves a deathly one. Usually it is a near relative who is thus deliberately shot, which makes the deed the more full of horror. One of the latest cases of this kind occurred in Michigan. A young man shot his elder brother in fun. Both had been out hunting. The younger brother attempted to fire his rifle. The cap seemed to explode, but the rifle failed to be discharged. On reaching home he aimed at his brother in sport, and pulled the trigger. This time the rifle was discharged, and the elder brother fell down dead. The Detroit *Post*, in commenting upon this accident, remarks that this fooling with fire-arms at the expense of human lives can and should be stopped by law.

When a lady (perhaps a gentleman may experience similar feelings) has donned her wedding-dress, and the cake is all cut, she does not fancy having the important ceremony indefinitely postponed. And in some cases the special *individual* seems to be of minor importance, provided only the great event can be brought about. Not long ago, somewhere in Connecticut, a young lawyer wooed and won a young war widow. The day for the marriage was fixed, and all arrangements made; but at the appointed hour the bridegroom came not. Inquiries were made, and it was proved that he had left town. The bride was disconsolate, the friends outraged. Worse than all, the dinner was getting spoiled by waiting. Seeing the state of affairs, one of the invited guests, a middle-aged farmer, who had been a secret admirer of the bride, and whom she had encouraged before the lawyer's advent, stepped up, offered to take the groom's place, and was accepted. They were married, ate their dinner, and promise to make a happy couple.

This reminds us of an incident which occurred many years ago in a quiet little town in Maine. The gentleman in this case was a young but somewhat eccentric clergyman, who had offered himself more than once to a young lady to whom he was much attached, and pressed his suit, but all in vain. She would not marry him. Time wore on, and the young clergyman, wanting a wife, but seeing no hope of gaining his first love, proposed to another lady, and was accepted. The wedding-day came, the guests were assembled, the bride in readiness, and the bridegroom also. But just before the ceremony was to be performed a note was handed to the bridegroom. It was from his first fair, fickle love, saying she had changed her mind, and would have him! The astonished man declared nothing would tempt him, under these new circumstances, to marry the expectant bride; and presently a sensation was produced among the waiting guests by the announcement that the ceremony would be indefinitely postponed. And so indeed it was. But the gentleman married, after a while, the lady of his choice, with whom, however, as might be supposed, he did *not* live happily; and the rejected lady, thankful for even such a *narrow* escape, did not claim damages.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, in speaking of the sudden death of Mr. Lorillard, remarks that he took rank among that class of merchants who have never failed in business, and whose word is equal to their bond. There are many other representatives of the same class who have proved that business integrity and mercantile honor are a good capital; that to obtain mercantile success, and to realize a fortune, even in New York, a man is not compelled to be mean, tricky, false, or dishonest. William B. Astor says what he means in trade, and abides by his word, though it be to his damage. A. T. Stewart's success does not proceed from the fact that every variety of article can be purchased at his store, but from this, that every article is found to be what it is represented to be. Nobody asks a guarantee of Peter Cooper that he will not cheat in the commodity which he sells. Young America panting for fortune and honor would do well to study the business characteristic of the old school merchants.

Lovers of the "weed" may congratulate themselves on the good crop. During the month of September over one million pounds of tobacco were shipped from Richmond. A tax of $500,000 was paid on this account.

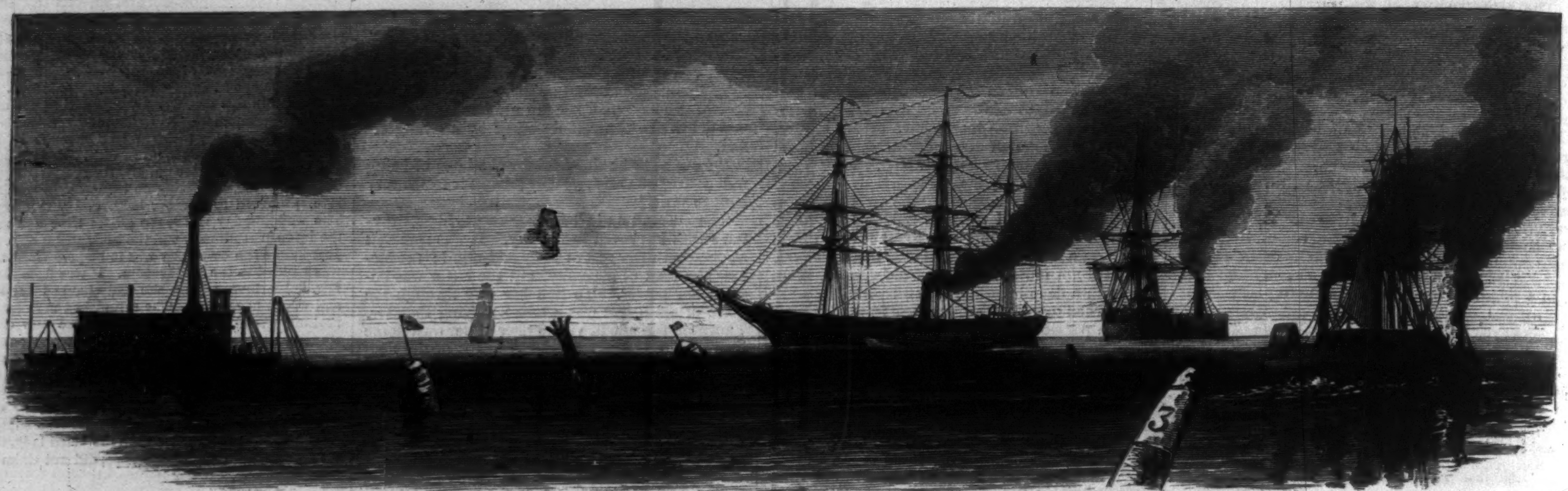
The inhabitants of many English towns, where the greater part of the population gain their bread by plaiting straw, complain bitterly of the loss of occupation which they have sustained by the introduction of the small bonnets, in the manufacture of which ribbon, lace, feathers, flowers, or fluff, have superseded the use of straw. In consequence of the prevalence of this fashion, there is no longer any sale for their work, and if it should continue great distress may be expected in those localities. Fortunately the freaks of fashion are so whimsical that ere long there may be a reaction in favor of the discarded material, which will restore to these poor straw-plaiters their means of procuring a livelihood.

A writer from Baden, describing the dress of French and English visitors, says: "Their clothes are so tight, that if they once get wet they must be dried before the fire and removed by a scalpel, or when in a natural state pulled off by pincers. They are, as was once said of the island of England, 'nice little, tight little' people, and I should say were gradually reducing their tailors' accounts by cutting their coats according to their cloth."

A novelty has recently appeared in a certain portion of the park connected with the Paris Exposition, which excites great interest. This is nothing less than an arrangement for doing as much cooking in five minutes as is usually done in an hour or two. The principle is a simple one. You can only obtain a certain amount of heat in a common sauce-pan, and that is more than sufficient for all ordinary purposes of cookery. If you can keep that, or a sufficient amount of heat, inside the sauce-pan, it matters not whether there is a fire beneath or not. This is putting the matter in a general way, and taking no note of exceptions. The way in which the plan is carried out is as simple as possible. The boil or stew is placed over the fire, and kept there five minutes after it boils. It is then whipped off the fire into a box lined with non-conducting matter. Every day a stew-pan is boiled, shut up in the presence of witnesses, and opened before them again, one, two, or three hours afterward. The cooking is said to be, and seems to be, perfect; and although left in the box for hours, the contents of the sauce-pan remain still hot, and the flavor, it is said, quite uninjured. It will keep a dish hot for fifteen or sixteen hours. The apparatus is nothing more than a square box with a lining of three or four inches of felt all round as well as above and below. This plan of cooking is practiced in Norway, and found very valuable, particularly for the army and navy.

Quiet labors often work great results. What a single woman may accomplish may be seen by what has gradually been revealed of the efforts of Mrs. Emma Sheppard, an English woman. She desired to save some of the fallen and unhappy of her own sex. She rented a small house, furnished it plainly, and gave it in charge of a faithful housekeeper. On a certain day, about eight years ago, she sent invitations to many of whom she had heard, to visit her in the evening. About fifteen came. A bright fire gave out a cheerful welcome—a table was spread with refreshments. After supper Mrs. Sheppard sat down pleasantly among her guests, and talked about herself and about them. She told them of her plans, her wishes, her hopes. She had prepared rooms for a certain number, and they were at once taken; she depending upon the honor of the occupants to observe certain regulations. No reproaches were uttered, no dismal doubts expressed; but lovingly and cordially she extended a helping hand to all who came within her reach. From time to time she opened other small lodging-houses, and thus commenced a good work which has been the salvation of many.

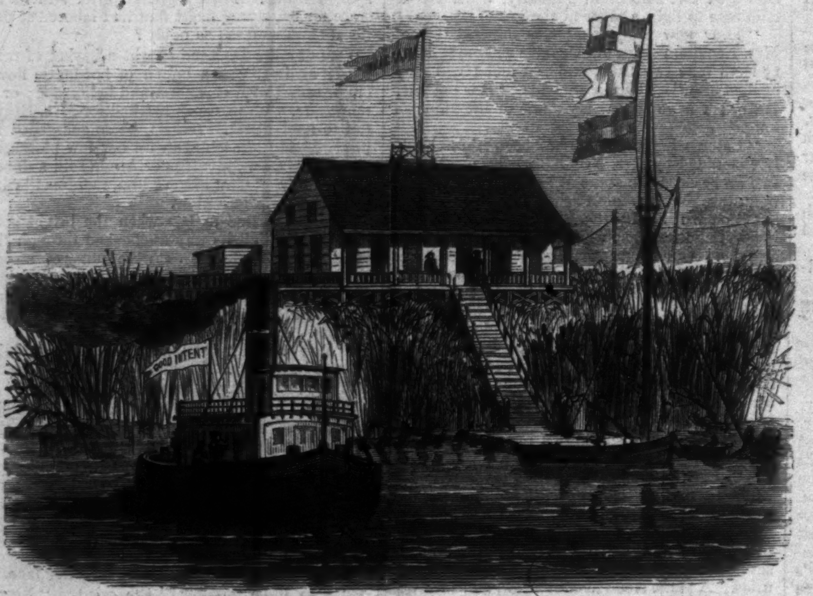
Alexandre Dumas pays nobody. For a long time he sent his servant for ice to a particular dealer. At length a neighbor, who was destitute of ice, money, and conscience, bethought him of the expedient of sending his servant to ask for ice in Dumas' name. The servant did so, and was supplied, but blundered out the question, "How much is to pay?" The instant the words passed his lips the proprietor caught him by the collar, with, "Fellow, you never belonged to Alexandre Dumas. Give me back my ice directly!"



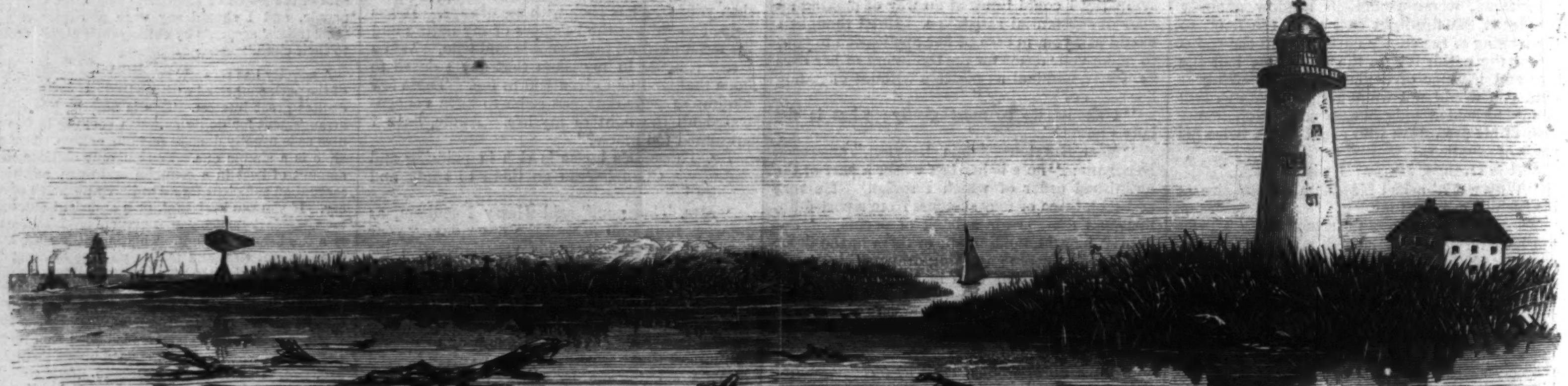
THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—SCENE AT SOUTHWEST BAR.—[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

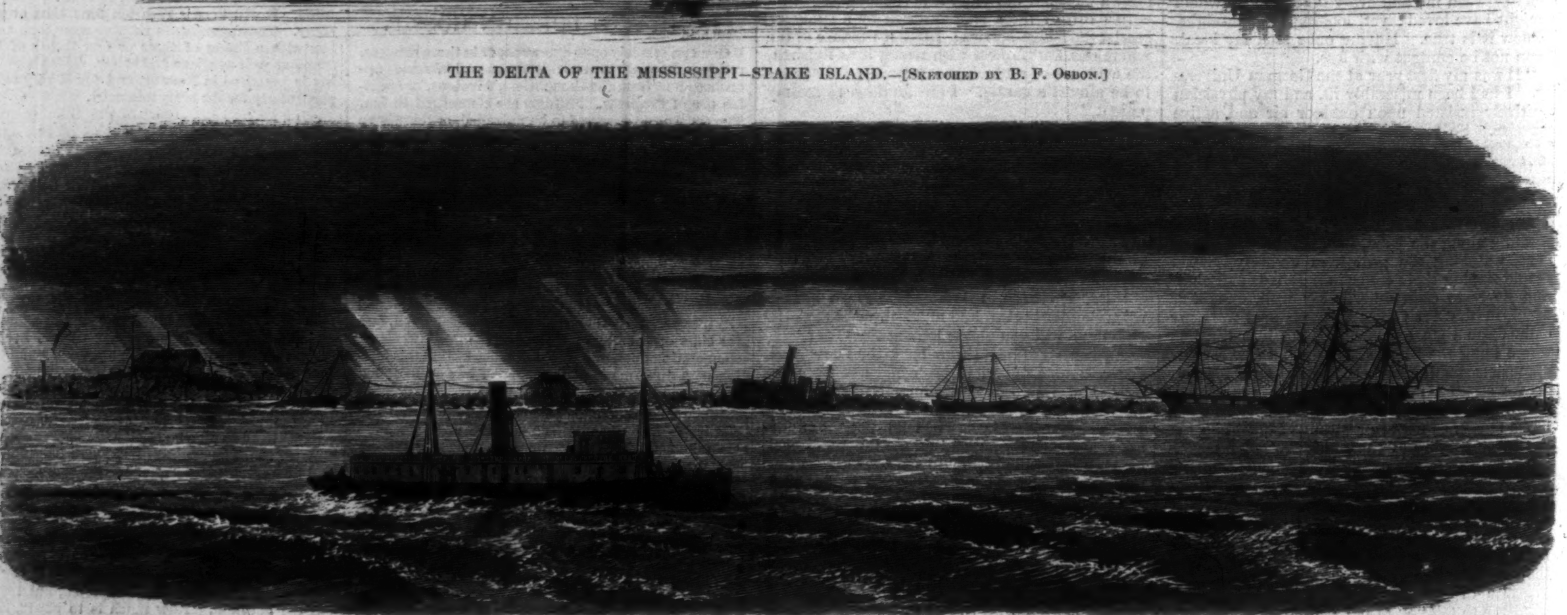
THE "Father of Waters" is not only the greatest and grandest, but also the most peculiar of rivers; and his ways, though not past finding out, are certainly very queer and singular and mysterious. It was only the other day that either he or one of his tributaries, having no respect for State lines, suddenly indulged in an extensive crevasse, and transferred one of the most enterprising towns of Iowa to the State of Wisconsin. Along the upper Mississippi the soil consists of sand deposits, without cohesiveness, "and is cut," says RICHARDSON, in his admirable book *Beyond the Mississippi*, "by the water like sawdust. The shifting channel sometimes moves forty or fifty yards in a single week." "Its water will deposit a sediment an eighth of an inch thick upon the bottom of a tumbler in five minutes." "Navigating the Missouri" (or upper Mississippi) "at low-water, is like putting a steamer upon dry land and sending a boy ahead with a sprinkling pot." This is on the upper Mississippi; more than thirty thousand miles of large rivers are collected to form the volume of the Mississippi; and this mighty current below the mouth of the Ohio is less in width, but increased in depth and volume, and rushes with a greater velocity than above that point, thus naturally producing another character of country. And in this is displayed one of its greatest peculiarities. One would imagine that it would require a mountainous country to confine this volume of water to proper limits, while the fact is that the Southern country through which it passes is almost entirely level. Sir CHARLES LYELL records that an old Mississippi pilot pointed out to him an island in the Delta of the Mississippi which he described as "*very* high land," and explained, in answer to a second query, that by high land he meant "3 or 4 feet above the sea." "In all Louisiana there is not," says PARTON, in his *Life of Jackson*, "a hill 200 feet high." The streets of New Orleans are only 9 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, and are actually below that of the levees which confine the river to restricted limits. "The Mississippi," says PARTON in the work from which we have just quoted, "is apparently the most irresolute of rivers; the bed upon which it lies can not long hold it in its soft embrace. Wearing away the concave side of its numberless bends, rushing through new channels, slicing off acres in an hour, leaving lakes where it found forests, holding dissolved in its yellow tide land enough for a plantation, and carrying down in one season more trees than the Black Forest can boast, it reaches at last the Delta—that cess-pool and general emptying-place for half a continent. Arriving there with its deep, narrow volume of waters—two hundred rivers in one—it can no longer contain itself, but breaks into several channels, and pushes its way through the black ooze of its own depositing, in a manner which looks helpless and sprawling, but which is in reality the shortest and directest way by which that prodigious torrent could find its way to the deep waters of the Gulf. There are so many streams, bayous, lagoons, and branches of the great river in the Delta, that it looks on the map like a damaged spider's web, with New Orleans in the midst thereof representing the spider."



THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—TELEGRAPH STATION AT SOUTHWEST BAR.
[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]



THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—STAKE ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]



THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—SCENE AFTER THE HURRICANE OF OCTOBER 5.—[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]

The eccentricities of the river itself are not more curious than many of the customs of the people who live along its banks and upon its waters. Many have been the apocryphal stories told of the people who had settled on its banks; even DICKENS has had his sly thrust at them, and every American has heartily laughed at Martin Chuzzlewit's experiences along the shores of the great river. Who has not heard and repeated the story of the boat-race wherein the nervous old lady, opposed on principle to boat racing, was represented, under the excitement of the race, as urging the captain to fire up with "that 'ar lard and butter o' hern;" or that still more incredulous tale wherein a reckless Southerner ordered the deck hands to use one of his "fat and lazy niggers" for fire-wood? Who has not heard of the great disaster on the Mississippi in which a "Southern gentleman" was blown through the roof of a neighboring house and descending to the floor coolly asked what the amount of the damage was; or in which a "Yankee peddler" was found to have been blown into the river where he had secured a plank and was rescuing less fortunate fellow-passengers at fifty cents a head? The apocryphal stories of steamboat life on the Mississippi would make a huge volume.

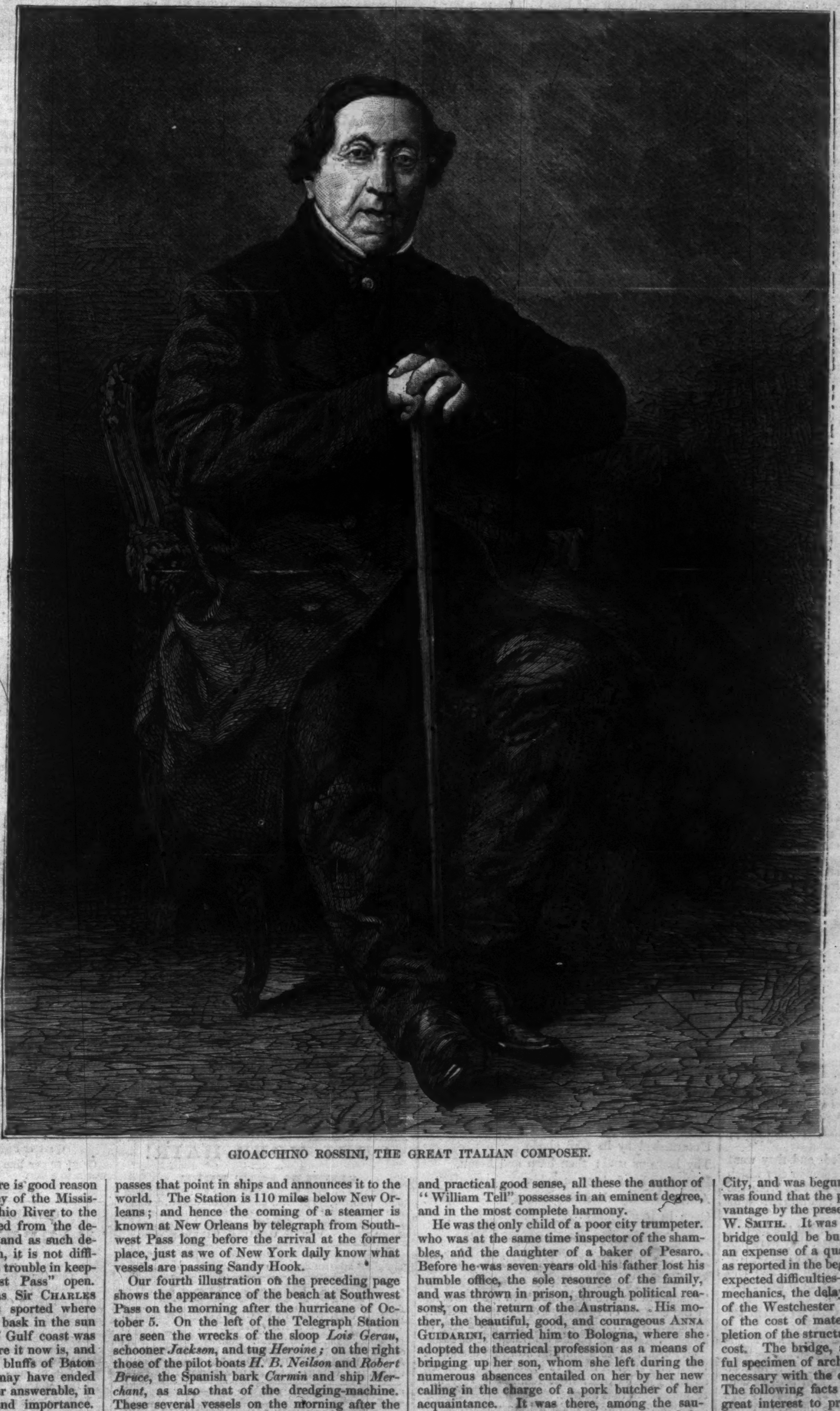
Our illustration on page 713 is of a scene frequently to be witnessed on the Mississippi River boats. The deck hands of the boats on that stream are almost invariably negroes, and, as the negro is a musical character, he enlivens his labors by snatches of song. Every boat's crew is a chorus; and strong, full, grand choruses they sometimes are. Whenever a boat is leaving a landing-place the deck hands, led by some chosen leader, generally the hardest fisted or strongest voiced of the crew, join in a "parting song" addressed to those left behind on the shore, and consisting of any thing which may suggest itself to the leader's mind. The chorus generally consists of a "halloo" or "heigh-ho" sung in a loud but still melodious tone. Since the war these "parting songs" have grown to be as a general thing patriotic songs; and the words are usually addressed to and inspired by the old flag which floats at the mast-head of the vessel. Our illustration was drawn by Mr. A. R. WAUD from an actual scene witnessed on the Mississippi immediately after the close of the rebellion.

We give on the preceding page several illustrations of actual scenes at the mouth of the Mississippi which will be of interest in this connection, though not of the peculiar character of our other illustration. And yet these pictures, though they do not illustrate any singular custom or habit of the people or peculiarity of the river, have their peculiarities. The "Bar" at the "Southwest Pass" was once, and for that matter still is, the great obstacle to the entrance of the Mississippi River; and years ago the great horror of the visitor by the Gulf to New Orleans (after the fear of quarantine) was the "Bar." During the past season of low-water the "Bar" has been reduced considerably by means of a dredging machine; and Congress is expected to do something more soon toward its entire obliteration; but it is believed that the work of keeping the "Bars" at the Delta of the Mississippi obliterated will require the constant and eternal working of more than one dredging-machine. As there is good reason to believe that the whole Valley of the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, has been formed from the deposits of the Mississippi River, and as such deposit still continues at its mouth, it is not difficult to suppose that there will be trouble in keeping the "Bar" at "Southwest Pass" open. "Forty thousand years ago, as Sir CHARLES LYELL computes, when whales sported where now the alligators of the Delta bask in the sun upon wet land, when the line of Gulf coast was two hundred miles north of where it now is, and the river's mouth was near the bluffs of Baton Rouge, the Father of Waters may have ended his wonderful course in a manner answerable, in some degree, to his volume and importance. Not so in these latter centuries;" his mouth is continually choking up with his own deposits.

There are also some curious facts connected with Stake Island, of which we give a view. The white leaning tower, which serves as a guide to the entrance of the Mississippi, and which is known as the "Southwest Pass Light-House," has for its foundation *thirty-four hundred cotton bales* and an immense number of cypress logs laid in the swamp to the depth of thirty feet. It is soon to be replaced by an iron screw-pile tower. Stake Island itself is the burying-ground of the Delta; and the cemetery has its appropriate light-house. It consists of a great beacon surmounted by a coffin!

Southwest Pass is also one of our great news points, like Farther Point, Halifax, etc.; and is the place at which the news from Mexico and Texas and the Gulf ship news is collected in order to be distributed by telegraph throughout the country. The Telegraph Station, of which we give a view, is one of the principal features of the Delta. An agent of the New York Associated Press resides there, and with his boat, the *News*, collects the shipping and other intelligence which passes that point in ships and announces it to the world. The Station is 110 miles below New Orleans; and hence the coming of a steamer is known at New Orleans by telegraph from Southwest Pass long before the arrival at the former place, just as we of New York daily know what vessels are passing Sandy Hook.

Our fourth illustration on the preceding page shows the appearance of the beach at Southwest Pass on the morning after the hurricane of October 5. On the left of the Telegraph Station are seen the wrecks of the sloop *Lois Gerau*, schooner *Jackson*, and tug *Heroine;* on the right those of the pilot boats *H. B. Neilson* and *Robert Bruce*, the Spanish bark *Carmin* and ship *Merchant*, as also that of the dredging-machine. These several vessels on the morning after the gale were piled up against the river bank and along the shores of Stake Island, amidst the débris of coals, lumber, logs, etc., as represented in our engraving.



GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, THE GREAT ITALIAN COMPOSER.

ROSSINI.

THERE are two ROSSINIS; the one of legend, and the one of reality. The legendary ROSSINI; the indifferent man, the idler, the gastronomist, the mocker, the skeptic, and, above all, the improviser whose master-pieces cost him so little trouble that, in truth, the world owes him no more obligation for them than to the pear-tree for its pears, or to the vine for its grapes, is known to every one through the thousand anecdotes which for half a century have passed current in all the journals and throughout the world. Far different is the real ROSSINI in the eyes of those who have the honor and happiness to know him well enough to penetrate his true character, and who have taken the trouble to study his life.

What constitutes the incomparable power of ROSSINI'S organization is the perfect balance of the admirable qualities of which it is formed. Imagination, reason, memory, impressibility, will, and practical good sense, all these the author of "William Tell" possesses in an eminent degree, and in the most complete harmony.

He was the only child of a poor city trumpeter. who was at the same time inspector of the shambles, and the daughter of a baker of Pesaro. Before he was seven years old his father lost his humble office, the sole resource of the family, and was thrown in prison, through political reasons, on the return of the Austrians. His mother, the beautiful, good, and courageous ANNA GUIDARINI, carried him to Bologna, where she adopted the theatrical profession as a means of bringing up her son, whom she left during the numerous absences entailed on her by her new calling in the charge of a pork butcher of her acquaintance. It was there, among the sausages and hams, that the future author of the "Barber of Seville" and "William Tell" received his first lessons on the piano, or rather spinnet, from PRINETTI of Novara; and it was there, too, that he took his first lessons in "reading, writing, and arithmetic" from an abbé. At the age of ten he supported himself and his parents by singing in church at thirty sous per service, blowing the organ, and teaching their parts to the singers. When his voice changed as he grew older he became an accompanist *al cembalo* in the theatres, and entered the Commercial Lyceum at Bologna, where he took lessons in counterpoint from Father MATTEI. Here he worked like a galley-slave. Whenever he had a moment's leisure he rushed to the libraries and eagerly devoured the works of the Old Masters. He also studied with indefatigable ardor the compositions of HAYDN and MOZART, which a Bologna merchant, into whose good graces he had insinuated himself, had ordered from Germany for his use. He learned by himself to play the violin, horn, and almost all other instruments, well enough to understand and use them, but not to merit the title of virtuoso. The piano and violoncello were the only ones on which he took regular lessons. He had scarcely attained the age of manhood when he produced Haydn's Seasons, till then wholly unknown in Italy, in the Philharmonic Society of I Concordi, and publicly conducted its performance, which was very remarkable and excited much notice.

It will be readily understood that amidst the unceasing labor needed to earn his bread and obtain a musical education, young ROSSINI had little time for literary and scientific studies. Happily his talents had won him the friendship of a distinguished engineer, the Chevalier GIUSTI, who read to him in their long walks Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and the great prose writers, and conversed with him on science. With his brilliant intellect, his inconceivable memory, and his wonderful power of assimilation, ROSSINI derived the greatest advantage from this oral instruction.

In ten years, from 1810 to 1820, ROSSINI produced thirty of the thirty-four operas which form his Italian repertory. At the end of this time he left Italy and settled in France, where "William Tell" was written. At the conclusion of this work he contracted with CHARLES X. to write four operas for France; but the Revolution of 1830 broke through all these arrangements. He subsequently returned to Bologna, but the Italian Revolution obliged him to quit that city in 1848, and retire to Florence, where he remained till his final return to Paris, in 1855, where he has ever since resided. In summer he lives at Passy, in a charming villa built for him, after his plans, by the architect DOUSSAULT. In winter he occupies a suite of apartments in the house on the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Boulevard, Paris. In all seasons he receives his friends on Saturday evenings, and repeats to them the unpublished works with which his repertory is filled.

HARLEM BRIDGES.

Apropos to the opening of Harlem Bridge, a ceremony which took place on October 16, we give in this issue of the *Weekly* engravings of two of the bridges which now span Harlem River, and known as the "New Harlem" and "High" bridges.

Harlem Bridge is located at the northern terminus of Third Avenue of New York City, and was begun in Nov., 1860. In 1861 it was found that the plan could be changed to advantage by the present Chief Engineer, ERASTUS W. SMITH. It was expected in the start that the bridge could be built in two or three years, at an expense of a quarter of a million of dollars, as reported in the beginning of the work; but unexpected difficulties—the late war, strikes among mechanics, the delay in getting land for the site of the Westchester abutment, and the increase of the cost of material—has delayed the completion of the structure, and greatly increased its cost. The bridge, as now finished, is a beautiful specimen of architecture. No description is necessary with the engraving which we present. The following facts and dimensions will be of great interest to professional engineers as well as to general readers:

With the exception of the abutments at each end and the flooring of the roadway and foot-paths, the bridge is made entirely of cast and wrought iron.

The cast-iron work is in the Gothic style of architecture, and the wrought iron is of box tubular girder style. The abutments are 100 feet front, 20 feet deep, and 18 feet above tide-water. The length between the abutments is 486 feet; the extreme length, including abutments, is 526 feet; length of the bridge, abutments, retaining walls, and approaches 876 feet; width of roadway 28 feet; width of sidewalk 7½ feet; extreme width of bridge 52 feet; extreme width of intermediate piers 60 feet; length of south fixed span 127 feet; length of north fixed span 141 feet; length of swing span 118 feet, giving a clear opening for passage of vessels on each side of centre pier of 80 feet; height of arch of north fixed span above roadway 19 feet 10 inches; height of south fixed span 17 feet 1 inch; height of arch of swing span 24 feet 9 inches; turbular box girders 36 by 41 inches; depth of floor beams 12 inches; length of abutments 100 feet; width 20 feet; height above low-water 18 feet; diameter of columns under north abutment 8 feet; length of column 31 feet; diameter of columns of supplementary intermediate piers—two of 8 feet, and three of 6 feet; length of same 60 feet; diameter of columns supporting swing span 6 feet; length of same 65 feet to 70 feet; extreme height from bottom of foundation columns of swing span to top of arch 105 feet; height of low-water to underside of draw 20 feet.

The amount of cast and wrought iron used in the construction of the bridge exceeds 3000 tons, of which over 400 tons are used in the draw. The masonry amounts to 5000 cubic feet, and lumber to 125,000 feet.

High Bridge, the other structure which we illustrate, was begun in 1839 and completed in 1848, at a cost of $900,000, and is the grandest stone bridge on the continent. Its purpose is not that of a foot, roadway, or railway bridge, but it serves as an aqueduct to convey Croton water across Harlem River. It is built of solid stone, and is 1450 feet long and 120 feet high from the level of the water, and contains 15 arches, under which can pass any boat that can navigate the river. On the Westchester side, where the Croton enters, there is a stone-house built, in which there is a large wire-screen, through which the water passes, and on through 14 pipes, 8 of 80 feet and 6 of 60 feet span, over the bridge to the New York side, where it is again introduced into other pipes, and thence conveyed to the reservoir at Eighty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, covering 85 acres, and containing 150,000,000 gallons of water.

Of late years a number of improvements have been introduced at, though not a part of, the bridge. Among the most important is the erection of a large reservoir, 420 feet square, and a tower, 184½ feet above the level of the water in the reservoir, for supplying the high points in the upper part of the island. A fountain with a jet of four inches has been built in the centre of the reservoir, and will throw a stream 70 feet high. In order to fill this reservoir an engine-room has been built at the southern end of the aqueduct. The amount expended in these improvements falls little short of $1,000,000.

CANADA WEST.

Lacy Tooker came out from a crowded church in the old French town that sits and looks at itself all day in the beautiful St. Clair River.

"There! I know just what I want, Cousin Julia! A white moss-velvet hat trimmed with rose-buds and bugle-lace, an embroidered cloak, ermine furs, and a blue silk dress just the shade of Mrs. Desquindre's. Wouldn't that be *lovely*, though?" said she, turning suddenly upon the lady beside her, who was looking at the icicle-fringe which adorned every thing and thinking of the text she had just heard, "He hath made every thing beautiful in His time."

The lady, Cousin Julia, who was Mrs. Mull, was somewhat astonished at such a sudden change of thought; but she was not of the generous sort who are always ready with their views and feelings when not asked for, so she smiled a little and replied, "It would, in*deed*."

Then she went on looking at the glittering glory about her, and Lacy Tooker went on with her thinking.

The next morning in the breakfast-room, between the oysters and the buckwheat cakes, Lacy spoke again, just as though she had been in a state of suspended animation from that moment to this: "The cloak and furs I don't expect, but the dress I can and will have! And I'll tell you, Cousin Julia, I will manage the hat and some gloves besides. Now, you see!"

Cousin Julia from behind the coffee-urn smiled again, nothing doubting, for she knew Lacy to be almost equal to a Chinese conjuror in expedients. But directly Lacy added, "What do you think of going to Canada to-day, you and Miss Triss and I? We've talked of it so long!"

"Oh, Lacy, you *don't* think of trying to smuggle a dress, do you?" cried Mrs. Mull, pouring the coffee upon her fingers instead of into her cup, in her surprise.

"Well, I may *look* at silks on the other side; there is no law against that, as I know of. Any way, it is as good a day to take that walk as we shall be likely to have this winter," replied Lacy, coolly.

So Mrs. Mull was persuaded, and they went across the ferry to the little Canadian city which lies along the river, so fair to look at from the opposite shore, and so inferior and filthy from its own.

Mrs. Mull was to Miss Triss what the knob is to a bureau drawer; and, besides, they were just then planning a novel they were to write together, so they paid very little attention to Lacy and her doings—waiting willingly at shop doors and windows as she directed.

"What do you think of 'Only an Onion' for a title?" suggested Mrs. Mull.

"It can't be improved! Now, *that's* so!" answered Miss Triss, with enthusiasm.

Then Lacy broke in, holding up a fold of dazzling blue silk. "Just look at this, Cousin Julia! Isn't the color *sweet?* Only twelve shillings a yard, and *look* at the quality! What do you think of such a dress as that for twenty-five dollars? And see these gloves with laced backs, at only twelve shillings!"

Then Lacy disappeared into a back-room of the dark, dingy shop, which, like a Jew peddler's pack, was nevertheless full of rich and beautiful wares; and when she appeared again it was with nothing in her hand but an innocent little velvet muff that couldn't hide more than a pocket-handkerchief if it tried. But the heavy, shining silk was tucked away snug as a chrysalis's wings under Miss Tooker's shawl, tied around her waist with tape, after a manner which Border shopmen and States' ladies understand very well.

Then the ladies went down the level road, bordered on the one side with pleasant Provincial homes, and on the other with the wide, blue river and the busy, cleanly city beyond it. It was a walk of two miles to the lower ferry where they proposed to cross and take the street cars in returning home; but the air was fresh and clear, the sun was bright, and Mrs. Mull and Miss Triss were too absorbed to think of the distance, or even the delay, when they came to the Sandwich wharf and found the boat on the other side.

Not so Lacy Tooker. "I do wish they would hurry over with that old boat! This is a terribly slow ferry; not half as prompt as the one at Windsor," said she, walking restlessly about, then sitting a moment, then rising again, and watching impatiently the smoke that floated above the chimney of the boat in a beautiful silver cloud. Presently she came up to the other ladies.

"Did you ever see such an insufferable old noser as that custom-house officer is? He has been sniffing around that girl as though he thought she might have a barrel of whisky in her little tin pail."

"Has he? I hadn't noticed there was an officer here," returned Mrs. Mull, who had nothing illegal on her conscience or on her back.

Then the boat reached the landing, and the ladies stepped on deck.

But lo! the custom-house officer stepped on also, close behind.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged to detain you, Madam," said he, politely, touching Lacy's shoulder.

Startled and conscious, she looked around and saw, oh horror! the smooth, stiff silk, which had slipped from its band, trailing behind her like the train of a peacock.

There was no possible escape. There was the silk, and there was the officer; so the only way out of it was by way of a fine. And when she had paid the three hundred dollars required Miss Tooker did not find shopping in Canada so very much cheaper than in the States.

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heart-felt revelry!
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chanting glad nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy, like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope toward the heaven of love.

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace;
Though happy still—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loneliness.
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams;
Thy smiles, slow kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed;
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!
By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent,
When earth's affections nearly o'er,
With peace behind, and faith before,
Thou renderest up again to God,
Untarnished by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul: then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality!

LOTTERIES IN ROME.

A natural love for the excitement peculiar to games of chance is dominant in the character of the citizens of Rome. Pope Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., and Clement XII. put a stop to lotteries. But the public sentiment soon clamored for their restoration, and now they are in full blast, and are not likely to again be proscribed, as the Papal Government realizes a very fine revenue from that source.

Every Saturday at noon a lottery is drawn in the Piazza Madama in the presence of an immense assemblage of poor people, who are the buyers and the eager expectants of a fortune. The managers are accused of bettering their own circumstances quite as much and often too as their customers. The method of drawing numbers from a barrel is different from the ordinary course in this country. The prizes are small; but if a poor devil, who has staked his last baiocco, happens to draw one scudi it elates him to a paroxysm of enthusiasm to venture more, and as often as he can procure the means. They dream of lucky figures, and should some one come within one number of the prize he is almost as happy as he would have been with a pocketful of their great heavy copper coin. Lotteries in Rome have become a branch of the department of finance under the special direction of a Monseignore, who has tickets on sale in convenient places. Large sign-boards may be seen over windows and doors, where combination numbers are to be had, which are supposed to be very choice chances.

"Hoff's Malt Extract is a pleasant and very efficacious beverage, and strengthens the stomach, the whole system, and wards off disease," writes Mr. Wagner, 273 9th Av., N. Y. Depot 542 Broadway, N. Y.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IS IT GOOD PRACTICE

In the surgeon, who, called to a case of fracture and dislocation of the arm, neglects the reduction and the adjustment of the injured parts, and simply prescribes an opiate for the relief of consequent pain? Will not the pain continue to return, and will not grave complications ensue? Should not the injury itself receive proper attention? Is it any less apparent that all attempts to effect a radical cure in any of the diseased organs of the body will prove utterly futile just so long as temporary remedies are administered for the relief of a single symptom, while the disease itself receives no attention? Certainly not. Why, then, knowing the proposition to be well founded, will people allow themselves to enter into the views of empirics, and swallow bottle after bottle of "bitters," drench their stomachs with "rejuvenating elixirs," and consume "strength-imparting, and appetite-promoting remedies" by the gross, in the vain expectation of getting rid of the accompanying horrors of liver disease? Nature and common-sense alike condemn the use of these cure-alls, as not only ineffectual to cure disease, but also certain to work additional evil. The loss of appetite, the failing strength, the disordered digestion, the aching head, the gloomy forebodings, are but the appeals of the diseased liver for succor; and their invariable return after the use of the whole class of these ineffectual "remedies" is but a vigorous protest of the still diseased liver against their use. All sufferers from a diseased liver and its entire list of attending evils are assured that Dr. McLane's celebrated Liver Pills will positively effect a radical cure. They disclaim any connection with the puffy mixtures of the day, which boast of their powers to "increase the appetite," simply, but stand on their merits as a *specific* in all cases of *Diseased Liver*. ☞ These celebrated Pills are manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of

[41.] FLEMING BROS.

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
To make assurance doubly sure,
I'll take"—Plantation Bitters.
They never fail.

This great Stomachic Healer is just what the people need. It is a remedy they can rely on. For Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Headache, Dizziness, Ague, Liver Complaints, Pains in the Side and Back, it has no equal. Not the least among its virtues is its extreme pleasantness to the taste and *immediate* beneficial effect. Try it, suffering Dyspeptics, and be cured. Such are the assertions of those situated to know. From the vast amount of this article sold, it must have great merit.

Magnolia Water is a delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the cost.

STEREOSCOPTICON AND MAGIC LANTERNS for Public Exhibitions. The largest manufactory in the United States of the most improved instruments and views. A descriptive manual of 100 pages, describing all instruments and views, and how to operate with them, and priced and illustrated catalogue attached, sent free, by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 24 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

New Medical Guide,

Giving important information worth a journey to New York on foot to obtain, sent free by inclosing a postage stamp to Dr. LAWRENCE, 14 Bond Street, N. Y.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

EMPLOYMENT! $10 A DAY and expenses paid. Circulars *free*. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

$225 A MONTH! 15 new articles for Agents. Address H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

Stammering Cured by Bates's Patent Appliances. For pamphlet address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

The Piano Book

WHICH CAN NOT BE EXCELLED IS RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD.

Regular Sale, 30,000 a year. Sold by all Music Dealers. Price $3 75. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street, Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

"GOOD READING FREE!" New subscribers to the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1868, at $3 a year, will get Nov. and Dec. Nos. Free. Subscribe at once. Address S. R. WELLS, Editor, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted.

AGENTS WANTED for a new illustrated and very popular work on Natural History, of fascinating interest and novel character: a work that appeals to every family. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

RANGES, French and European, all sizes. Send for Circular. Bramhall, Dean & Co., 247 Water St., N.Y.

DEVIL'S AUCTION and Black Crook Dancing Girls' Pictures. 5 for $1 00, or $2 00 per dozen.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A REPOSITORY OF

Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has just been commenced by Harper & Brothers, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost, with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known *Bazar* of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in Harper's Bazar simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin: an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

In a country where *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars* are annually expended for dry-goods, to be transformed into Articles of Dress, trustworthy and practical instructions as to the most tasteful and economical methods of fashioning these articles become of the greatest value to American women. The Bazar will contain full and explicit Instructions, with Illustrations, which will enable every Lady Reader to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with a large portion of her husband's. Each alternate Number will be accompanied with large Pattern Plates, containing from Forty to Fifty full-sized Patterns, applicable to every article of wardrobe made in the family, with the necessary Directions for cutting and making. Similar Illustrations and Descriptions of Fancy Work will also be furnished. These Patterns will be executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass any thing of the kind hitherto produced in this country. Frequently an elegant Colored Fashion Plate will be presented with the paper. Practical Descriptions will also be given of the Fashions especially in vogue in New York—the centre of Fashion in America.

Harper's Bazar, besides being the leading Fashion Journal in this country, will also aim to present before its readers the very best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain original and selected Serial Stories, Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening, with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of household interest will be excluded from its columns.

In the first Number of the Bazar will be commenced a Novel, entitled "The Cord and the Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," by James De Mille, Esq., Author of "The Dodge Club." This Novel has been read in manuscript by several of our most competent critics, who unanimously pronounce it, in point of interest of plot, variety of adventure, and graphic delineation of character, to be fully equal to any of the novels of Wilkie Collins.

Harper's Bazar will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of Harper's Weekly, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single Number, or Four Dollars per Year.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* First Six Numbers of Harper's Bazar *upon written application to the Publishers.*

Postage, Five Cents for Three Months.

Single Subscribers will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.

An Extra Copy will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at Four Dollars each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for Twenty Dollars.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, New York, October, 1867.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER, 1867.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . .	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Natioaality."—LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT
TO ERECT THE
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM
FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,
Under a Special Charter from the State of Pennsylvania,
PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers. to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground—about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfantory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPALDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

October 25th, 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL PESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1.	1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000
2.	1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000
3.	1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000
4.	1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000
5.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
6.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
7.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000
8.	1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000
9.	1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000
10.	1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000
11.	1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000
12.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
13.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
14.	1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000
15.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000
16.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
17.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
18.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
19.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
20.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
21.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22.	1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26.	1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27.	1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29.	1 Diamond Cross	3,000
30.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
31.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36.	1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
42.	1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500
43.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
44.	1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500
45.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
46.	1 Diamond Cross	2,500
47.	1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500
48.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
49.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50.	1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51.	1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52.	1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56.	1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60.	1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61.	1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62.	1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63.	1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70.	1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74.	1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76.	1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78.	1 Emerald Knob	500
79.	1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81.	1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82.	1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84.	1 Gold Watch	300
85.	1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88.	1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90.	1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93.	1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94.	1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95.	1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96.	1 Cameo Brooch	100
97.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99.	1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100.	1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101.	1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102.	1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104.	1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
1105—2104.	1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
	Also 120,000 Cash-Presents, $1 each	120,000
	Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5 Tickets to one address	$ 4 50
10 " "	9 00
20 " "	17 50
40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
50 " "	43 50
100 " "	85 00

Address all orders and communications to
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
1126 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
[NEW YORK OFFICE, 611 BROADWAY.]

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS
22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

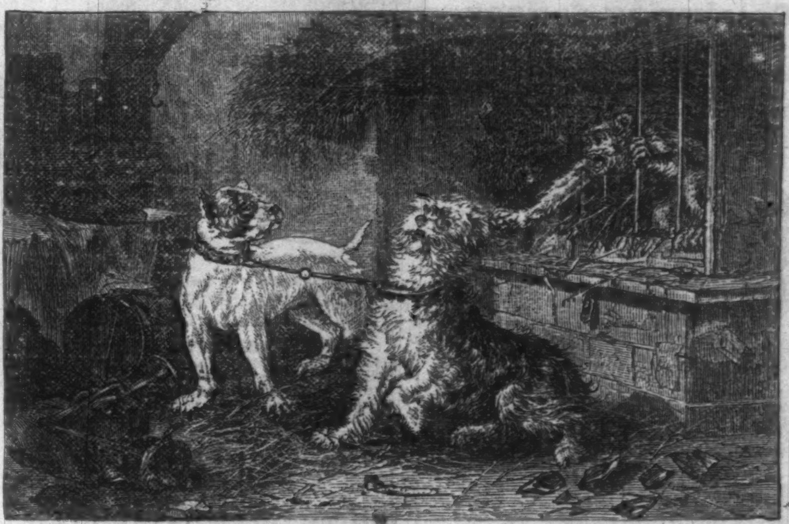
N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

To be given away with No. 129 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.



REDUCED COPY OF "STOP THIEF; OR, THE MONKEY,S GRIP."

The Picture to be given away is 28 inches by 22. It was produced in Paris, under the directions of Mr. LESLIE, from the original Picture in the Paris Exposition.

Read Pierce Egan's Adventures among the Brigands, in No. 129 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

RUPTURES CURED

RUPTURED PERSONS may secure relief and cure, with perfect retention of Hernia during the most active and violent exercise, by the use of Dr. SHERMAN'S PATENT APPLIANCE and RUPTURE CURATIVE, without the inconvenience and annoyance found in other trusses, at his office, No. 697 Broadway, cor. Fourth Street. An illustrated circular of persons cured furnished to those who call or send for it.

Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet

Of SOLIDIFIED GLYCERINE softens and smooths the skin, prevents chapping, imparts beauty and brightness to the complexion, is deliciously fragrant, transparent, and superb as a toilet soap. Sold by all Druggists. R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Philadelphia.

A WATCH FREE. Given gratis to every live man who will act as agent in a new, light, and honorable business. Agents sell them as fast as they can reach them out. 30 Dollars per day can be made sure. No Gift Enterprise, no Humbug. For full particulars address R. MONROE KENNEDY & CO., Corner of Fifth and Wood Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made, and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

To engage in a highly lucrative employment. $5 to $20 made readily in a day by attention and industry. Send for circular. Address
B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.
THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

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